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(Photograph by David Muench)

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Four Surveyors Challenge the Rocky Mountain West by Donald G. Pike 4
Fighting Bureaucracy and Indians in a Wild Land

The Gold Rush Actor by Charles V. Hume 14
His Fortunes and Misfortunes in the Mining Camps

Collector's Choice 20
Message from Black Kettle by Gary L. Roberts

Bisbee's Response to Civil Disorder by Pamela Mayhall 22
A Matter of Circumstance

A Gallery of Horses 32
With Sketches and Captions by Frederic Remington

The Short, Happy History of the State of Jefferson by Richard Reinhardt 36
Provincial Chauvinism in the Northwest, 1941

The Greatest Show in Mexico by Ronnie C. Tyler 42
A Wild West Spectacular in the Bullring

A Matter of Opinion 48
John P. Clum—A Personal Remembrance

The American West Review 49

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MYRON WOOD

Four Surveyors Challenge the Rocky Mountain West

Fighting Bureaucracy and Indians in a Wild Land

by Donald G. Pike

The amenities of scholarly life not precluded by field work, Hayden (left), wife, and friends brunch in Utah.

THE DECADE BETWEEN 1870 and 1880 in the Rockies marked an era of tremendous activity, and not unselfish motives. Cities grew and civilization matured almost in spite of the twin mottoes that dictated mountain behavior: Survive, and Get Rich—the assumed corollary being Get Out. Into this turmoil of promotion, development, and random energy came scientists, selfless by comparison, to map the land, probe its composition, gauge its potential, and even chart its future. They had the same rough exterior as everyone else—a few weeks living on horseback did that to even the most carefully gilt scions of the best eastern families—but they were genuine eccentrics; for they came not for money, but for knowledge.

While others burrowed in the ground, scraped gradings for right-of-way, or felled the big trees for mine-shoring, crossties, smelting furnaces, and rude dwellings—doing anything that would net a profit—it was strange to see the introspective geologist tapping with his hammer for samples, or the cartographer taking transit sightings on a mountaintop, swaying in the wind and dodging lightning, for little more

W. H. Jackson's famous photograph of Mount of the Holy Cross, taken on the Hayden expedition.

than an army private's pay. Even the Indians found them a little peculiar: the Sioux left Ferdinand Hayden alone, even avoiding him, figuring that whatever made a man run all over the badlands by himself, pecking at the hillsides, might be catching.

These men who came west proposed surveys for the scientific examination of the land: they would map the land, investigate the geology, and record the plants and animals. Within the relatively new disciplines of geology, paleontology, paleobotany, zoology, botany, entomology, and ornithology, they would record the face of the Rocky Mountains and lay substantial foundations for understanding in the various fields of study. In short, they would provide the first systematic information on the West for the government and its citizens.

The four great surveys of the Rockies were largely products of individual initiative. Four men—Ferdinand V. Hayden, Clarence King, Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, and John Wesley Powell—assumed leadership, promoted their respective surveys, and accepted responsibility for the results in the face of a government that could be described at best as indifferent. With the exception of Wheeler's survey, which was largely a military mapping enterprise, the leaders of the surveys annually had to coax small grants from a reluctant Congress. Congress, suffused with the warm glow of self-righteousness that overwhelmed the country in the wake of the Grant administration graft scandals, was particularly parsimonious and suspicious. Each year the survey directors had to show their results and try to convince the guardians of the public trust that there were practical and tangible results from the effort and money expended.

Complicating the problems of these men, who each year organized expeditions, found talent, spent months in the field gathering data, prepared reports, and begged money, was the necessity to compete against one another for the money Congress made available. Competing for money meant competing for attention, and often sound scientific reporting was sacrificed in the rush to present an attractive and impressive record of the year's activities. The bickering and backbiting involved in the contest often necessitated demean-

Shoshone Falls on the Snake River: one of the few examples of Timothy O'Sullivan's portfolio of Clarence King's survey along the 40th parallel not entirely dominated by sagebrush and sand.

ing a rival survey; when everyone was doing it, the result could only be counterproductive. Additionally, there was always the suspicion that, in an effort to garner attention and favor from congressmen who liked to hear good things about their districts, the proponents might make their reports unduly optimistic. Cyrus Thomas, an agronomist with Hayden's survey, noted increased rainfall along the semiarid Front Range of Colorado in the seven years prior to 1869, leading him to surmise that rainfall had increased in direct proportion to population growth. It was a flattering and optimistic proposal, picturing an Eden through sheer numbers, but one that hurt the credibility of the surveys when farmers, with soil tilled and seed planted, waited vainly for the rains until the wind blew the dirt, the seed, and most of the farmers into insolvency. At the same time, the scientists had to be cautious lest they say anything too derogatory or pessimistic. The most dangerous animal the surveyors faced was a legislator who found his district maligned at government expense—and an actively hostile congressman could cripple or kill a survey through a petulant holdout at budget time.

Forced to compete with each other, and annually to court an indifferent Congress, the surveyors often found themselves short-changing science. Too much effort was distracted from the gathering of field data; reports were often shoddy as the leaders hurried to make a presentation to Congress; energy and thought often went into colorful maps rather than more important data on soil and rainfall, because they made better ammunition for the cloakroom guerrilla warfare that characterized the scramble for survey funds. These distractions hurt the surveys, rendering their results less complete and informative, but they did not make the surveys useless and totally ineffective.

If success were to be measured in terms of longevity, growth, funding, and popular acclaim, then the reputation of Ferdinand V. Hayden and his survey would be secure. Cruelly, Hayden was involved in a scientific endeavor that demanded accuracy and attention to detail, something he often sacrificed in the course of courting the public and Congress. Ultimately his crowd-pleasing accomplishments tarnished somewhat alongside the more pedestrian, though more accurate, efforts of the other surveys.

Hayden began his career modestly enough conducting a minor survey of Nebraska in 1867, using leftover funds from the General Land Office. He immediately began efforts to convince Congress of the need for an extensive survey of all the territories, and 1869 found him the head of an independent

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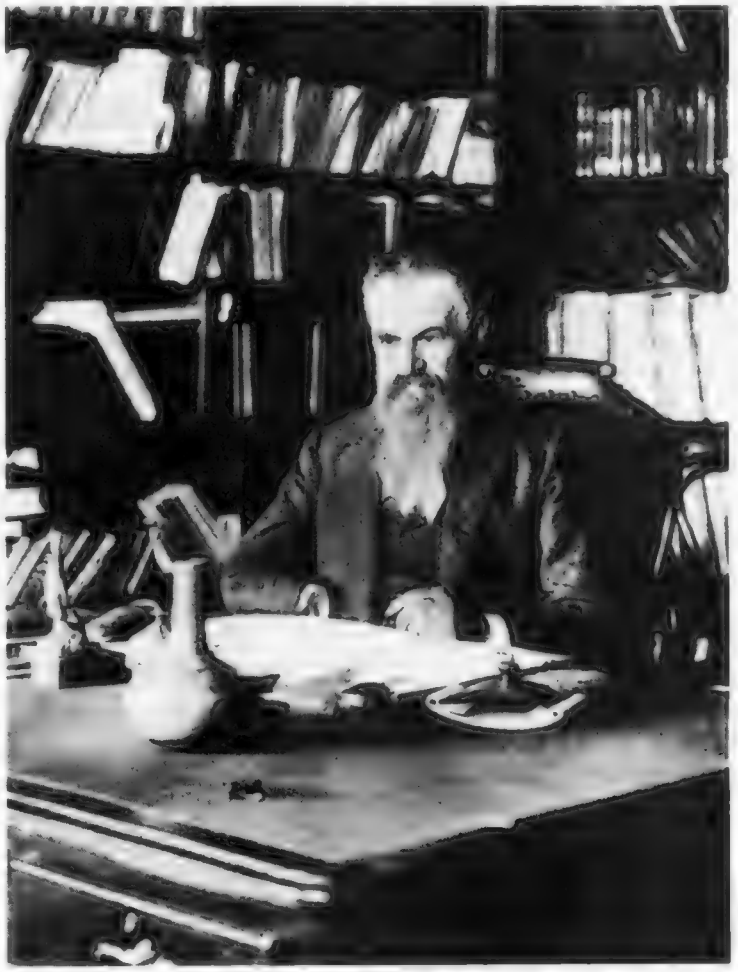
made a public figure of Hayden and provided a powerful lever for prying funds loose from Congress. Hayden's fortunes would soar even higher in the following year, when Jackson's photograph of the almost legendary Mount of the Holy Cross struck a responsive spiritual chord, and the nation went crazy for copies. The following year archeological findings at Mesa Verde elicited a similar response, and Hayden's reputation was secure—with the public at least.

Attractive paintings and exciting photographs, however, were only part of Hayden's formula for success; his alchemy also included telling congressmen and the public what they wanted to hear. His reports were laced with glowing predictions and favorable assessments that were easily translated into the "facts" of western chamber of commerce promotional literature. Most notably, it was in a Hayden *Report* that Cyrus Thomas gave scientific sanctity to the concept that "rain follows the plow." While his conclusions were not always lies, neither were they always the truth; as Richard Bartlett noted, Hayden "worked with a telescope instead of with a microscope."

Despite shortcomings, Hayden's passion for topography, developed during the Yellowstone expeditions, bore fruit in a splendid, systematic atlas of Colorado that occupied the agency with the Department of Interior, assembling a caravan of paleontologists, entomologists, botanists, artists, cooks, packers, and reluctant army surplus mules. The 1869 Geological Survey of Colorado and New Mexico was swift and superficial, and Hayden's hastily prepared report, complete with Thomas's observations on rainfall and population, was understandably shallow. It impressed Congress, however, and the following year Hayden was assigned the same task in Wyoming—for over twice the money. But Hayden's fame was largely local and official; it was during the next four years, 1871–74, that he would make the "discoveries" and file the reports that would net him public acclaim and an expanded survey.

In 1871 and 1872 Hayden led expeditions to the Yellowstone region to verify what a lot of people already knew. The phenomena that mountain men like Colter, Fitzpatrick, and Bridger had been branded liars for describing were seen in the early 1860s by Montana gold-seekers, mapped by Walter DeLacey in 1865, and surveyed and described by the Washburn-Doane Expedition of 1870. Hayden, however, captured the public imagination through the photographs taken by young William Henry Jackson, who had joined the party the year before. His photographs, supplemented by Thomas Moran's paintings made in the course of the 1872 expedition,



With nothing up his sleeve, Powell took on the Colorado, Washington bureaucracy, and an occasional photographer.

Science the army way: Lt. George M. Wheeler's 1871 exploration of the Grand Canyon leaves Camp Mojave, Arizona—headed upstream. The hopefully upraised oars saw little use as the boats had to be dragged most of the way against the current.

last four years of the survey. And despite a lack of precision in all things scientific, Hayden's publicity probably reflected well on all the surveys—a not inconsequential contribution when all of them were struggling for survival.

As Hayden set about his survey of Nebraska in 1867, Clarence King was launching an active but brief career from the Pacific side of the divide. A brilliant student, writer, and conversationalist, King was a self-made man who combined intellect and brawn in a package that, judged by all who met him, was irresistibly charming. Despite his flamboyance, he was as meticulous as Hayden was haphazard, a thoroughgoing scientist. But what made him exciting and intriguing evidently also made him unstable; not only did he lack the obdurate tenacity to bring the schemes of his later life to fruition, he was fissionable, burning himself out even as he pursued life.

When King was yet a green graduate of Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, he joined Josiah Whitney's survey of California. From 1863 to 1867 he fed a venturesome spirit and learned his trade firsthand in the mountains and valleys of the Sierra, ultimately conceiving his own survey. Then in 1867 he took his proposal for a survey of the 40th parallel to Washington, lobbied an appropriation, and hastily set about collecting equipment and qualified personnel.

It was a motley group that finally gathered on the California-Nevada border: in addition to the rough packers and camp help, there was a contingent of soldiers, none too happy that their commander was a civilian; as a counterpoint to the soldiers and packers were Arnold and James Hague, Samuel F. Emmons, and King, all well-educated, European-traveled young gentlemen with impeccable family connections; and completing the group, Sereno Watson, an aging botanist, and Robert Bailey, a sixteen-year-old ornithologist. All of the professional men would ultimately rise to the top of their respective fields, adequate testimony to King's good judgment in selecting his staff. The soldiers, on the other hand, distinguished themselves by a fanatical devotion to desertion that threatened to wreck the expedition—until King pursued a private for one hundred miles, capturing him in what the intrepid scientist described as a "desperate hand to hand struggle." While King's sense of drama may have been a little too acute, his action nonetheless put an end to disobedience and desertion.

King had before him the task of mapping, examining, and evaluating a strip one hundred miles wide along the 40th parallel from the eastern slope of the Sierra, across the Great Basin, over the Rockies, to the western edge of the Great Plains. The land he had chosen to survey was arid and uncompromising, hard on men and animals alike, and on its western half a land that still defies dense settlement. After two long seasons in the field, the survey party reached the Great Salt Lake, the next year moved into Wyoming, and after a brief hiatus, completed to the east of Cheyenne. The care and discipline that King and his associates lavished on their examinations and collecting became apparent when the multivolume *Report* began to appear. James Hague's *Mining Industry*, Sereno Watson's *Botany*, and King's own *Systematic Geology* are methodical, complete, reasoned documents that laid the foundation for science and civilization at mid-continent. But it was neither careful research nor the literate and scholarly *Reports* that brought King the public recognition he sought but rather two wily entrepreneurs, Philip Arnold and John Slack, who told the nation about some diamonds they had found.

King's passion was geology—along with its more practical and lucrative relative, mining—and the report that diamonds had been found in northeastern Colorado wounded him; he had examined that country, found nothing to indicate diamonds, and was disturbed that he might have missed a discovery of great importance. Arnold and Slack had convinced some San Francisco investors of the worth of their find, and the country was rapidly building up the momentum borne of rumor that would line their pockets with speculative dollars. It was a region pregnant with potential for quick gains, and people were willing to believe that diamonds, emeralds, and even pearls (!) were there, along with the gold of a decade before. King responded to the reports with characteristic deliberation. After his thorough examination of the site revealed the hoax, the press and the public couldn't shower enough attention and adulation on King.

Among the surveys, only one never had to scratch for the funds to continue: the United States Geological Surveys West of the 100th Meridian, commanded by Lieutenant George M. Wheeler and conducted under the auspices of the War Department. In an effort to provide systematic maps of the Far West, the Wheeler survey covered more ground than any of the others, but to slightly different ends.

The army and Wheeler were not particularly interested in geology or any of the other natural sciences, but rather in maps and information an army would use. The focus was twofold: the routes, dry stretches, and canyons that would hinder or help an army; and the settlements, roads, and other artificial features that marked man's passage and presence. The emphasis was on the practical rather than the theoretical; not so much what *was*, but rather what *resulted* from what was, and how best to use it.

The survey group annually included a number of scientists, but outstanding contributions were usually lost in the welter of bickering that invariably seemed to arise between Wheeler and his civilians. The lieutenant was often cruel and brutal to his men, his animals, and the Indians—and abrupt with the scientists who chastised him for his actions—and neither army nor science became reconciled to the other's methods. While the Wheeler survey was no means a failure, neither

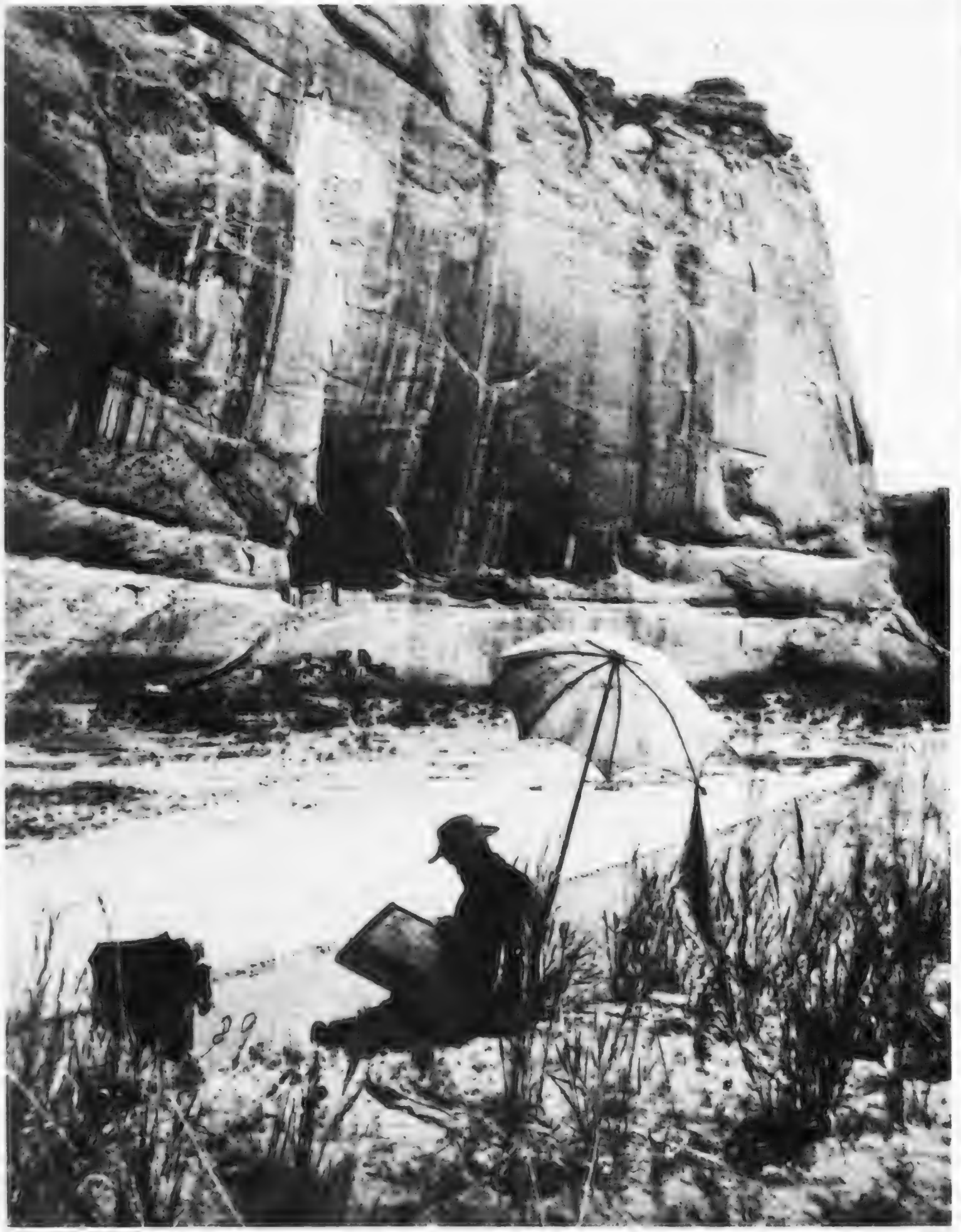
Members of Wheeler's party pause for repairs in Painted Canyon. Later, after losing their provisions when a boat overturned, the expedition would have to be rescued by an overland relief column.

was it a success, and when consolidation of the surveys occurred in 1878, the animosity Wheeler had engendered within the scientific community resulted in the cancellation of his project. Wheeler's map was never completed; despite a partial report published in 1889, the work of eight years and a half million dollars was virtually thrown away.

John Wesley Powell, head of the Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, had neither the personal magnetism of Clarence King, the press-agent mentality of Ferdinand Hayden nor the vast military resources that supported Wheeler; what he had was a self-administered education, an acute scientific mind that was as penetrating

A triangulation at the mouth of the Grand Canyon. The careful notations were for naught, however, as all of Wheeler's scientific notes were later lost.

and comprehensive in the conclusions it drew as it was meticulous and thorough in the observations it made, and an unnerving energy and talent for battling (and occasionally subduing) government bureaucracy. The pragmatic, one-armed major's survey was the smallest of the four efforts, but in the course of two trips down the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and a precise appraisal of the surrounding region, Powell and his aides saw beyond the confines of the region and a simple analysis of the land, to propose a means for man to live compatibly and profitably with the arid West. What he conceived was quite possibly the most insightful and prophetic document of the American experience in the



A member of Wheeler's survey sketches the ruins of Canyon de Chelly in 1873. By this time Wheeler's emphasis upon mapping precluded many other activities—but occasionally time was found to indulge the eccentricities of artists and archaeologists.

West; had it been heeded at the time it was written, it would have been the most influential as well.

Powell's *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region,* which provided the substance of a report to Congress by the Academy of Sciences in 1878, was a caveat. Because with few exceptions the lands of the mountains and Far West receive less than twenty inches of rain per year (the minimum for agriculture without irrigation), Powell argued that it was folly to use the square-grid, 160-acre homestead as the basic unit. He recommended adapting a unit whose size in respect to utility would be determined through information on water, rainfall, soils, and terrain gathered by the surveys.

The 160-acre rectangular allotment was an anachronism from a humid woodland frontier. It made sense where rainfall was adequate, but in the arid regions it was too little land to support a family, either raising cattle (about four on 160 acres) or growing crops. If the land was irrigated, it was too much for one man to handle. Conversely, because water was at a premium and land useless without it, a man could preempt an empire by taking several small holdings that controlled all the water in a drainage basin.

Powell suggested dividing the land into 80-acre irrigated farms and 2,560-acre pasture farms. The plots would have irregular shapes, allowing maximum benefit to the greatest number from a drainage system; there would be no monopoly of water, and therefore no monopoly of land. Mineral lands would be set aside, and provisions made for closing to preemption lands that were good to no one.

The largest obstacle to the plan came from the government. The plan called for a complete survey of all lands west of the 100th meridian, and then a careful analysis of the land features for the purpose of dividing it into usable units. This required not only time, money, and considerable effort from the federal government, but also closing of the land to settlement until the survey was complete—thereby incurring the wrath of settler and speculator alike. Congress, attacked and pressured from all sides, abdicated its responsibility: because it was difficult, expensive, and unpopular, a rational plan met strong congressional opposition.

In addition to the government, Powell's *Report on the Arid Lands* was opposed by an assortment of western interests. Some western legislators opposed the abandonment of the old rectangular survey 160-acre freehold—and its attendant Preemption, Homestead, Swamp Lands, Desert Lands, and Timber and Stone Acts—because of a misplaced sense of order and tradition; some citizens feared their holdings might be lost if the status quo was upset, and many speculators and empire-builders regarded any change as anathema to the bonanza in land theft they were enjoying under the prevailing system. But the greatest opposition was not profit motivated but ideological: it was heresy to assume that the land was less than a garden; were they trying to talk the Great American Desert back into existence?

The misapprehension at work at the time—and even today to some extent—was that all of the land could be made to bloom. When it was realized that precipitation wouldn't provide enough moisture, the assumption developed that irrigation would. (The fact remains that there is enough water in the West for only one-sixteenth of the dry land—in Utah only 3 percent—and until man accepts this actuality, and accommodates himself to it, all the irrigation projects in the world will not solve his problems.) Symptomatic of the confusion, and the optimism, that surrounded the subject of irrigation in the arid West was an incident that occurred at the Irrigation Convention in Denver in 1873. An English engineer, Frederick Stanton, proposed that 1.5 million acres of heretofore dry land could be reclaimed for agriculture in Colorado by building a canal one hundred miles long, twelve feet wide, and three feet deep. Enthusiasm was rampant until a wily old farmer, a veteran of more than one encounter with the arid lands, pointed out that to achieve this end the water would have to flow down the canal at approximately 420 miles per hour; not to mention the incapability of the mountains to muster enough water even to fill the ditch during the dry season.

On February 18, 1879, a measure passed Congress providing for the classification of lands, but with no change in land law. Nor was any provision made for closing the land to settlement while the region was surveyed, evaluated, and divided, rendering classification a gesture similar to closing the barn door after the cows have left. A basic assumption of democracy holds that a majority will know how to achieve the greatest good for the greatest number; unfortunately, that majority usually discovers it only after all the cows have left.

The bill that devastated Powell's program also provided for the consolidation of all the ongoing surveys as the U.S. Geological Survey. Although the reorganization cut off some of the excitement of the individual surveys, it also ended the bickering, duplication, and waste that marked the experience of the seventies. The resultant solidarity and unity of opinion supplied the necessary strength for prodding Congress into passage of the Newlands Act and the Taylor Grazing Act, both measures that resurrect the legacy of Powell in accommodating man to the mountain West.

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Donald G. Pike, *a staff writer for American West Publishing Company, is currently researching and writing a book on the Rocky Mountain West.*

THE GOLD RUSH ACTOR

His Fortunes and Misfortunes in the Mining Camps

by Charles V. Hume

Ashley Santley, a member of the Blond Burlesques.

IN THE ANNALS of America's theatrical history, no era has appeared more glamorous or colorful than that of the gold rush period in early California. Many are the accounts and memoirs that relate the hardships and privations that faced the entertainers of the 1850s in this rugged country, as well as the underlying courage, dedication, and faith in their ability to bring pleasure to the pioneers.

Fiction has portrayed actors as happy and carefree, rich with their rewards as idols of the free-spending miners. The truth of the matter, however, is that most of the actors held a precarious position on the ragged edge of poverty. To be sure, a few such fortunate stars as Lotta Crabtree, James Murdoch, and Barney Williams did make their "strike" in California, but for every bonanza dozens of destitute actors ended their days in hapless surroundings. Lola Montez, once the toast of nations, died a pauper; Caroline Chapman, perhaps the most popular actress in San Francisco during the fifties, spent her last years working at menial jobs in a hospital there. Besides the ever-present threat of poverty, the itinerant actor or troupe who traveled the mountain circuit faced additional threats from the elements, road agents, Indians, and inhospitable communities.

In spite of the many hardships, there was never a shortage of actors to fill the theaters of the West. During the early years of the gold rush, worsening economic conditions in the East closed many theaters and forced actors to move west in the hope of striking it big. Glowing stories of nuggets and leather pouches of gold being tossed at the feet of favorites lured entertainers of all sorts to California—actors, musicians, minstrels, stage mechanics, impressarios, and charlatans—in the greatest mass migration of theatrical talent the world has ever known.

Arriving in San Francisco, the newcomer was fortunate indeed who could step into a job before exhausting his meager funds. He might frequent the Ashland House Saloon or some similar hangout for actors, in the hope of hearing about the formation of a new stock company or a troupe to tour the mines. The *Golden Era* observed the influx of second-rate actors with the comment: "Country managers or aspirants for the cares of theatrical management who may happen to have five dollars in their trousers pocket and are anxious to engage or pass in review for engagement, the concentrated talent of the California theatrical world are politely requested to call at the Ashland House at any hour from 7 A.M. to 12 P.M. and there for a moderate sum of liquors all around they can become acquainted and effect terms of engagement with all sorts of actors, viz; good, medium, half medium, veal pie actors, sawdust actors, and some awful bad actors. No terms canvassed until the bar is patronized." Continuing in this vein, the *Golden Era* named some fifty or more actors then in California.

The actor of the period had to be versatile, able to play any role in any play at a moment's notice. If he was fortunate enough to be engaged with a stock company, he would

examine the call-board early in the day in the hope of finding his name listed for that evening's performances. Rehearsals were seldom held, although in the case of a new play the actor might have an opportunity to acquaint himself with his lines during the brief run-through while the star indicated where the lesser luminaries were to stand in order to play to him. If the actor was in Doc Robinson's company at the Dramatic Museum, a small theater on California Street in San Francisco, he might find himself learning a new play each of several nights in a row. Doc was a prolific writer who stole, revamped, or created new plays that were topical. On at least one occasion, the curtain went up on the first act of a play that had not yet been completed, with Doc hurriedly composing parts and handing them to the actors as they left the stage, to be absorbed before their next entrance. *Who's Got the Countess?, Did You Ever Send Your Wife to San Jose?, Buy It Dear, It's Made of Cashmere* indicate the kind of topical dramas Doc Robinson offered his audiences.

The pay of actors varied with their bargaining power and appeared when and if it was available. Frequently the name star would insist upon payment in full before the first curtain rose; and just as frequently, this left nothing in the till for the other members of the company. It was at this point that a manager's consummate skill with cards might help. Walter M. Leman tells about one evening when he was on tour with the indomitable manager McKean Buchanan and the receipts did not meet the expenses of the little company; the manager joined in the popular game of Monte at the local saloon, winning enough to get the troupe on the road again. An actor working in John S. Potter's company would have to learn the art of collecting his pay the hard way. Potter had a reputation of having built, opened, and closed more theaters than any other manager of his time. To an actor who begged for a small portion of the money due him, Potter remarked, "Why ask for a salary when blackberries are ripe?" He was a versatile gentleman, this Potter, for he could play any role in any drama on short notice, raise and lower the curtain, look after properties, shift scenery, and, at the end of the performance, get to the box office, dump the evening's receipts into his pocket, and be out of sight before members of his company missed him.

It is difficult to separate fact from fiction in many of the accounts, but an interesting story, attested to in good faith by a member of the early acting profession, relates one of the traveling actors' few encounters with Indians. A small troupe of entertainers, hurrying over the mountains to their next mining camp, rounded a curve so fast that the stagecoach upset and spilled its occupants and their baggage into a branch of the American River. Fortunately, there were no major injuries, but the baggage of personal belongings, costumes, and props was thoroughly soaked. To a lesser group this might have been a major catastrophe, but while the coach was undergoing repairs, this intrepid troupe gathered their trappings and spread them out to dry over the bushes and whatever

The Forrest Theater in Sacramento, established by Edwin Forrest and his wife (center), hosted many of the greats of the gold rush stage, including the Wallacks, stars of Othello *in 1858.*

FORREST THEATER.

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THE MOOR OF VENICE!
OTHELLO, - - - - - - - MR. J. W. WALLACK
EMILIA, - - - - - - - MRS. J. W. WALLACK

Iago	J. B. BOOTH	Ludovico	ROGERS
Cassio	J. A. SMITH	Duke	KINGSLAND
Brabantio	GEO. KYER	Antonio	DENNIS
Montano	THAYER	Messenger	DE FORREST
Gratiano	VENICA	Page	MACK
Lodovico	HARLEY	Juno	MACKLIN
Desdemona			Mrs. BOOTH

Owing to the length of the play, it will be the only piece played this evening

IN REHEARSAL—
ROB ROY!
THE RENT DAY!
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN!

TO-MORROW, LAST NIGHT BUT ONE OF
MR. AND MRS. WALLACK!

PRICE OF ADMISSION:

impromptu clotheslines they could devise. It was at this moment that a small band of renegade Indians, perhaps more curious than lethal, swept down on the party with blood-curdling yells. The unprotected actors huddled near the overturned coach as the Indians came galloping in. Just as the intruders came upon the group, they noticed the flamboyant costumes draping the bushes and a clothesline filled with "scalps" of every description and color, which had evidently been "taken" with considerable dexterity. At the sight of such a display of battle trophies, the Indians wheeled away with all speed, content not to challenge these great warriors who had collected so many "scalps." Relieved at the turn of events, the actors proceeded to gather up the wigs, pack the still-damp costumes, and continue on their journey.

Even "La Petite Lotta" Crabtree and her troupe—which included her mother and Jake Wallace, who served as banjo player and driver—met difficulty from road agents. Jake, in his scrawling penciled diary, reported they "met Black Bart on road. When he found out we warn't the mail he let us go. Parted good friends." The cryptic account reflected the complacency toward hardships that a trouper developed. Not every troupe was so fortunate to be passed free. A gang of cutthroats who had been plaguing the diggings near Sonora stopped a band of actors and were dismayed at the haul. Not content to leave empty-handed, the outlaws insisted upon a show—a show to be put on right then and there by the quaking thespians. Perhaps the ruffians were culturally starved for theater; or perhaps it was all great fun—even for the actors, once they had overcome their initial fear. The "survivors" reported that the gang returned the few baubles taken earlier, thanked the actors for their "courtesy," and wished them good luck.

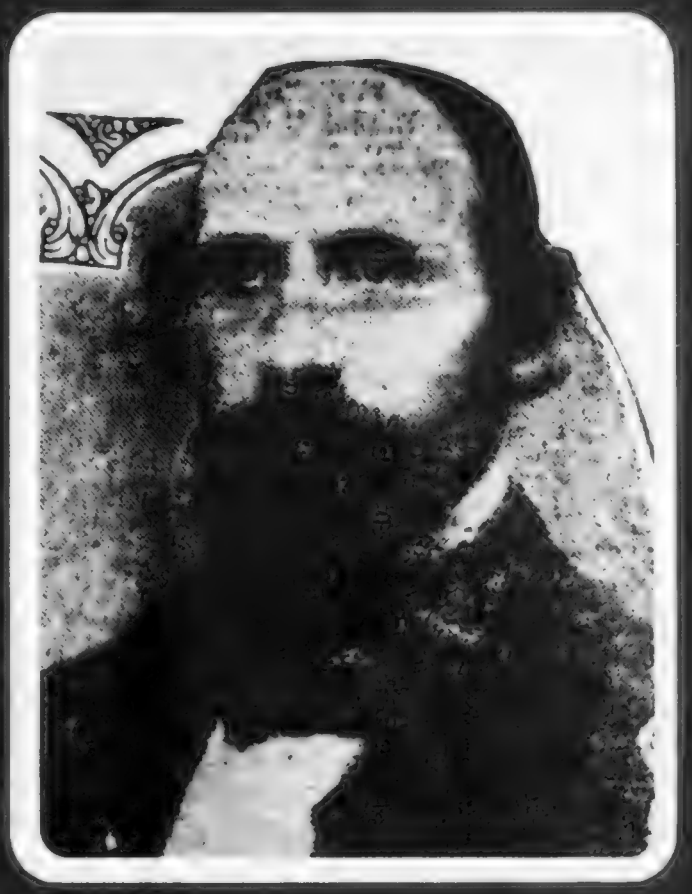
THE MINING CAMPS were rugged and primitive; but anxious as they were for entertainment, the miners were not without standards. Frequently the inept actor stumbling over his lines would be prompted by members of the audience, many of whom had been brought up on classical drama and knew the lines better than the actor. If the performance was intolerable, well-aimed pistol shots would clear the stage and evoke the rousing cheer and laughter that the play had been unable to produce. In Sacramento a self-styled "eminent" tragedian by the name of Hugh McDermott engaged the Forrest Theater for a round of performances in December 1856. The house was filled to capacity; the play, *Richard III*, started quietly, for the first scenes were adequately staged and well costumed. But with the introduction of the hero of the evening, McDermott, there was a thunderous applause subsiding quickly in anticipation of Richard's soliloquy. The debutant held his audience for perhaps thirty seconds, ample allowance of time for an appreciation of his talents. To listen longer was too much, and there arose from a thousand throats the jolliest burst of laughter that had been heard in

the Forrest for weeks, laughter that turned to taunts and jeers. Thus the first act, up to the death of Henry, was accomplished with only an occasional carrot finding its way to the stage. Describing Henry's death, a critic wrote in the Sacramento *Union:* "The stabbing of King Henry was too much for the audience, more particularly the home thrust, a posteriori. After Henry had fallen, cabbages, carrots, pumpkins, potatoes, a wreath of vegetables, a sack of flour and one of soot, and a dead goose, with other articles simultaneously fell upon the stage. Richard looked aghast, but held his ground. The dead Henry was the first to flee; a potato intended for his murderer having, by its rough contact, roused him from his death-slumber. Richard followed—his head enveloped in a halo of vegetable glory. When the curtain dropped, Mr. Evrard appeared and expressed the hope that the audience would permit McDermott to proceed."

The second act opened with Henry's corpse being brought in, followed by the mourning Lady Anne. When Richard placed the sword in her hand, one half the house arose in a voice and asked that it might be plunged into his body. Again the shower of vegetables punctuated with firecrackers set Richard to flight. A well-aimed potato relieved him of his cap as he staggered to the wings. Mr. Phelps then appeared and urged, for the sake of the ladies present, that the show be allowed to continue. The third act was more unsuccessful than the preceding ones, and the final curtain found the crowd retiring with a satisfied air of having received its money's worth.

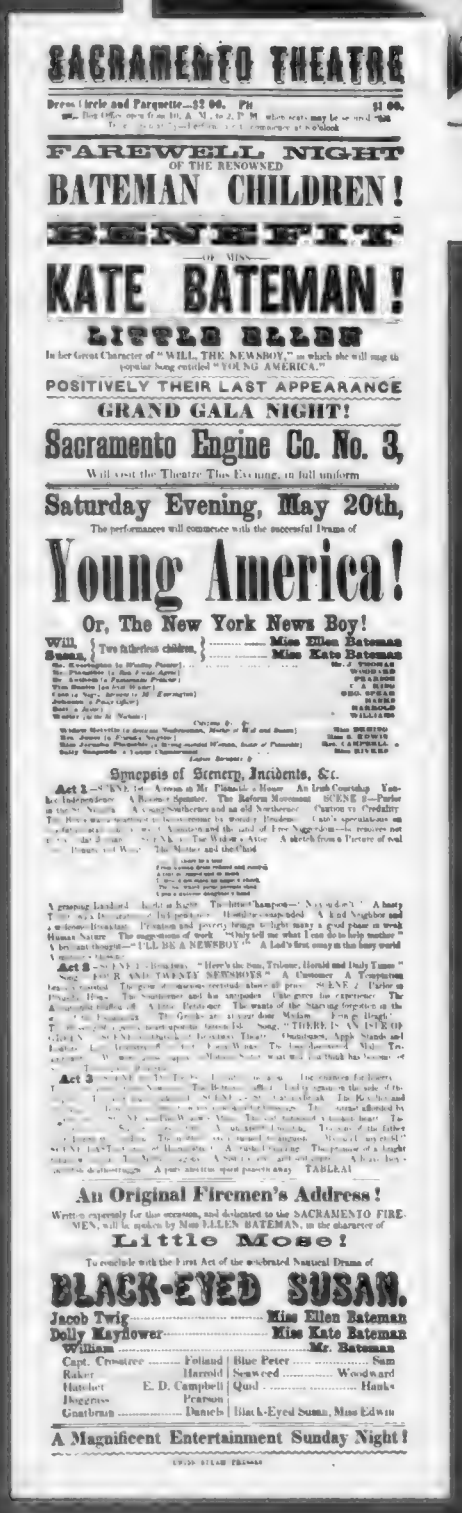
Some mining camps developed a reputation for mistreating entertainers. Joe Taylor tells of stopping at Washington Flats:

As we were driving into camp we suddenly halted, as two men were having a gun fight from opposite sides of the street. After the battle we drove in and up to the only hotel, and soon had all the information we required: "Three dollars a day for board, the same for the team. There is a hall upstairs you can have free if it will suit you, but my advice is, don't stop here to play, as this is the toughest camp in California, and if you don't suit the boys they'll throw you in the pit." "What's the pit, may I ask?" "Well, it's a place about forty foot square. It's kept full of water the year around for the miner's use . . . Well, boys, there's the hall upstairs. You can have it free, but remember if you have any trouble you must take your medicine." "Oh yes! We understand." This was on Friday, and we went to work after dinner to distribute our bills and prepare the dirtiest hall I ever saw, for the Saturday night show. The loft which was designated as the hall ran the entire length of the hotel, with the exception of a space of six feet where some rough boards were placed on end, leaving a doorway in the center. Tim stood at the foot of the outside rickety stairs behind a barrel, selling tickets, having a lighted candle stuck in a bottle, that he could see to make change; while I stood at the door, where the eaves were so low that one must stoop to enter.



Doc Robinson's [illegible] written as they were being performed.

The young David Belasco, [illegible] leading stage producer in the early [illegible]



SACRAMENTO THEATRE

Dress Circle and Parquette—$2 00. Pit ... $1 00.

FAREWELL NIGHT
OF THE RENOWNED
BATEMAN CHILDREN!
BENEFIT
—OF MISS—
KATE BATEMAN!
LITTLE ELLEN
In her Great Character of "WILL, THE NEWSBOY," in which she will sing the popular song entitled "YOUNG AMERICA."

POSITIVELY THEIR LAST APPEARANCE
GRAND GALA NIGHT!
Sacramento Engine Co. No. 3,
Will visit the Theatre This Evening, in full uniform
Saturday Evening, May 20th,
The performances will commence with the successful Drama of
Young America!
Or, The New York News Boy!

Will, Two fatherless children, ... Miss Ellen Bateman
Susan, ... Miss Kate Bateman

Synopsis of Scenery, Incidents, &c.

Act 2—SCENE 1st—Arcade in Mr Pizzaldo's House. An Irish Courtship. Yankee Independence. A Runaway Sponsor. The Reform Movement. SCENE 2—Parlor in the St. Nicholas. A Genuine Southerner and an old Northerner. Caution to Credulity. The Hero's manly sentiment to boot-crowner by Bounty Prudence. Cute's speculations on Matrimony. Ambition and the land of Free Suggestion—he removes not [illegible]. SCENE 3d—The Widow's Attic. A sketch from a Picture of real Poverty and Want. The Mother and the Child.

A grasping Landlord. Death in Battle. The Letter hampers—"Nay, we don't." A hasty Toilet. An Interruption. Self-possession. Healthy consolation. A kind Neighbor and a welcome Breakfast. Pleasure and poverty brings to light many a good point in weak Human Nature. The suggestions of work. "Only tell me what I can do to help mother." A brilliant thought—"I'LL BE A NEWSBOY." A Lad's first essay in the busy world. A generous Landlord.

Act 3—SCENE 1—Broadway. "Here's the Sun, Tribune, Herald and Daily Times." Song—"I'M TWENTY SEVEN BOYS." A Customer. A Temperance Lecturer essential. The grog shop—a moment—revelation above all price. SCENE 2—Parlor in Pizzaldo's House. The Southerner and his antipodes. Cute gives his experience. The Auctioneer's auction. A little Retrospect. The wants of the Starving forgotten in the [illegible]. The Grateful are happy dear Madam. Song—Bright. The [illegible] heart-speaking farewell. Song—"THERE IS AN INFIDEL [illegible]. SCENE 3d—Outside of Broadway Theatre. Omnibuses, Apple Stands and Ladies' Insurance [illegible]. Dress Wraps. To Lunch-Immortal Mike. To [illegible]. Mistress Nature's wrath will find Mack has become of [illegible].

Act 3—SCENE 1st—The Tenement. The contrast [illegible]. The Widow's Home. The Reception. The Return. SCENE 2—Outside of Pizzaldo's. The Reception and [illegible]. SCENE 3d—Parlor in Widow Wynn's. The old fashioned Christmas Eve. The return of the Father. The [illegible]. A Surprise. A Discovery. The promise of a bright future. A [illegible]. A pure and true spirit asserts away. TABLEAU.

An Original Firemen's Address!
Written expressly for this occasion, and delivered to the SACRAMENTO FIREMEN, will be spoken by Miss ELLEN BATEMAN, in the character of
Little Mose!
To conclude with the First Act of the celebrated Nautical Drama of
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Jacob Twig ..... Miss Ellen Bateman
Dolly Mayflower ..... Miss Kate Bateman
William ..... Mr. Bateman

Capt. Crosstree	Foland	Blue Peter	Sam
Baker	Harrold	Seaweed	Woodward
Hatchet	E. D. Campbell	Quid	Hanks
Doggrass	Pearson		
Gnatbrain	Daniels	Black-Eyed Susan,	Miss Edwin

A Magnificent Entertainment Sunday Night!

When the room was nearly filled, a man came and presented a ticket which was not ours. "This will not admit you," I informed him. "It won't?" "No, Sir." "Do you know who I am?" "No, Sir; I never saw you before that I know of." "Well," he replied, "I am the great Western Devil." "Well, my name is Joe Taylor, it will cost you a dollar to go in here." After a short pause in which he sized me up and said, "Well, sonny, I'll get a ticket," he did that and went in. To make good his role as camp bully he extinguished each of the footlight candles for which he was encouraged by applause. The hall and men were full. There were no ladies in camp. The Devil's patience was abating and he came back stage to hurry up the show. "Come in," I said, "I want to talk to you." He came, at the same time grasping his revolver. "Well, what is it?" "We came here to give a show, not to fight, or if we did surely two hundred brave men will not fight three unarmed boys. You have paid your money, and if you don't frighten us to death, we will give you a good show." He began to cry. I had reached his heart. The fight was ours. We divided over two hundred dollars, bolted the door and tried to sleep.

Two hours later we heard them coming up the rickety stairs and kicking at the door, saying, "Come out, we want you." "We will be out in five minutes," I replied, and then said to Mack and Tim, "Here we go for the pit." On going down to the barroom we found they had removed the billiard table and had brought in others on which was spread as fine a supper as possibly could be served in that wild camp. I was presented with quite a number of gold nuggets, filling a tin mustard box.

ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING stage characters of the gold rush period was Dan Virgil Gates, who although never a great actor, appeared with several stock companies when he first arrived in California. In the winter of 1852–53, he was snowed in with a luckless troupe stranded in Nevada City, a small gold mining town. Along with D. C. Anderson, Edwin Booth, and William Barry, he walked the long distance to Sacramento through the mountain snows. Following this harrowing experience, he became a one-man theatrical company. As his friend Leman recalls, Gates rang the bell as he entered a camp on the back of a mule. He posted his own bills, beat his own drum, fiddled, sang, danced, and recited, and after the performance he gave a ball for the camp—all of which was to the intense satisfaction of his patrons. He advertised that he was the first in California to "appear in thirty-two distinct and opposite characters, in a program that consisted of tragic, comic, serious, and pathetic personations, recitations, imitations, and songs; delineations of our greatest orators, authors, and actors of the past and present; and eccentric personations of Yankee, Dutch, French, Scotch, Irish, and Pike County characters."

No more dedicated actors could be found than the child

stars who were so popular during this period. Having children of five or six years of age playing opposite an established tragedian was thought to be the marvel of the times. Grizzled miners would crowd the theater to see a precocious youngster spout lines from Shakespeare and threaten to vanquish his adversary with a sword that was nearly as tall as himself. Although most critics recognized that this kind of acting belonged in the same category as trained horses or actresses playing breeches roles who fitted neither the role nor the breeches, the tykes drew audiences and made money for their parents.

Anna Marie Quinn, Susan Robinson, the Bateman Sisters, and the Marsh Troupe dominated the market for juvenile stars. The Bateman children, Ellen and Kate, had made a successful debut in New York and had been hailed in Europe, where they went on tour with P. T. Barnum. Now that their popularity was waning in the States, they came to California to find new audiences. Much of their success was due to the skillful handling of publicity by their manager-father. During one lull in interest, a play contest was announced with one thousand dollars to be paid by Mr. Bateman for a play suitable for his children. After creating considerable interest in San Francisco and Sacramento, the contest winner was Mrs. Bateman. The drama critic for the *Golden Era* termed the prize play "as vile a composition as ever disgraced a stage." Frank Soule, writing in the *Chronicle*, criticized the play and implied that the one thousand dollars offered by the Batemans was not in good faith. At this the father took offense and fired several close range shots at the reporter, but since none of the shots took effect, there arose misgivings as to Bateman's purpose. Although fined three hundred dollars for the disturbance, Bateman found the publicity, which filled the papers for days, quite worth the cost.

The generosity of actors was evident in every community. When local calamities of fire or flood left citizens in need, one of the surest ways to raise money for the emergency was to stage a performance at the theater. Actors were quick to volunteer their services, and many a worthy cause was served through the energies of these early-day actors.

In a land where cultural activities were all too few, the theater served the members of the mining community as a liaison with their former homes, now thousands of miles away. Difficult though it was for the performers, the theater of the gold rush period had a vigor and enthusiasm seldom equaled. These early hardships nurtured the talents of Edwin Booth, David Belasco, Lotta Crabtree, William Harrigan, Maude Adams, and a host of other dedicated actors who created one of the most exciting eras in theater history.

Charles V. Hume *is professor of theater arts at Sacramento State College. He has contributed other magazine articles on western theater and is currently working on a history of the theater in the mining camps of early California.*

One of the most successful players—both in fame and finances—was "La Petite Lotta" Crabtree.

In a typical "breeches role," Helen Western wore the costume of a male character.

Message from Black Kettle

by Gary L. Roberts

On the morning of September 4, 1864, a sergeant and three troopers left Fort Lyon, in southeastern Colorado Territory, for Denver to be mustered out of the service. Five miles from the post they encountered three Cheyennes—two men and a woman. Under the prevailing orders in the Department of Kansas, the soldiers were required to kill them, but they hesitated long enough to see a piece of paper in the uplifted hand of one of the Indians. Possibly, they recognized One Eye, a Cheyenne subchief and father-in-law of prominent Arkansas valley rancher, John Prowers. At any rate, with the three Indians as prisoners and the paper tucked in his belt, the sergeant turned back toward Lyon, where he presented the prisoners and their message to Major Edward Wanshear Wynkoop, the post commander.

Edward Wynkoop had no love for Indians. The summer's war was still fresh in his mind. Both Indians and Confederate guerrillas had struck along the Arkansas River, and several bloody raids by Indians in the vicinity of Fort Lyon in August had brought the stark brutality of Indian war very close. Wynkoop's view of the "Indian problem" was in perfect harmony with that of his superiors. He would later recall that he had believed the Indian "could not assimilate the Spirit of Progress, that he was degraded, treacherous and cruel, that he must make way for civilization or be trampled on; that he had no rights that we were bound to respect; in fact that he had nothing but the instincts of a wild animal, and should be treated accordingly." With such convictions, it is not surprising that he endorsed a policy of extermination.

When the three Indian prisoners were thrust before him, Wynkoop angrily reprimanded the soldiers for not killing them. Now, he had no alternative but to hear them. He reluctantly accepted the dingy scrap of paper One Eye delivered. It was a message from the council of the Cheyennes, written in the scrawling hand of George Bent, half-breed son of the famous trader William Bent.

Maj. Colley — Cheyenne Village, Aug. 29th/64

Sir:

We received a letter from [William] Bent wishing us to make peace. We held a consel *[sic]* in regard to it & all came to the conclusion to make peace with you providing you make peace with the Kiowas, Comenches *[sic]*, Arrapahoes *[sic]*, Apaches and Siouxs. We are going to send a messenger to the Kiowas and to the other nations about our going to make peace with you. We heard that you have some prisoners in Denver. We have seven prisoners of you *[sic]* which we are willing to give up providing you give up yours. There are three war parties out yet and two of Arrapahoes. They have been out some time and exspect *[sic]* now soon.

When we held this counsel there were few Arrapahoes and Sioux present; we want true news from you in return, that is a letter.

Black Kettle &
Other chieves *[sic]*

It was a remarkable letter—remarkable because the Indians had sent it, remarkable in its frank admission of past hostility, and remarkable in the primitively diplomatic way it offered conditions for peace. Far from a document of surrender, it nonetheless opened the door for negotiation and, possibly, peace. It could not be ignored. Yet, understandably, Wynkoop was not convinced. It could be a ruse, a trick to lure troops away from Lyon. Searching for the thread that would make his decision simple, he interrogated One Eye and Minimic, his young companion (who carried an identical message addressed to Wynkoop). They stood calmly under the fire of his questions, answered without hesitation, and insisted on their desire for peace.

"But did you not fear you would be killed when you endeavored to get into the fort?" Wynkoop inquired.

"I thought I would be killed, but I knew that the paper would be found upon my dead body; that you would see it and it might give peace to my people once more," One Eye replied.

Wynkoop was bewildered by an exhibition of such patriotism on the part of two savages and would recall more than a decade later that he had felt himself "in the presence of superior beings." But, at the moment of confrontation, in spite of increasing doubts, he was not yet fully persuaded. The prisoners were put in irons and locked in the guardhouse while Wynkoop pondered their fate.

The troubled officer sent for the Cheyenne and Arapaho

Continued on page 63

Cheyenne Village Aug. 29th/64.

Maj. Colley.

Sir

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We are going to send a messenger to the Kiowas and to the other nations about we are going to make with you. We heard that you have prisoners in Denver. We have seven prisoners of you which we are willing to give up providing you give up yours. There are three who is not yet and two of Arapahoes. they have been out some time and expect now soon.

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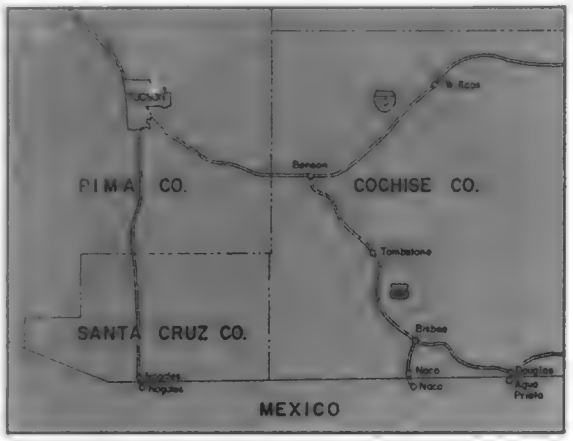
Black Kettle

& Other Chiefs



BISBEE'S RESPONSE TO CIVIL DISORDER

A Matter of Circumstance

by Pamela Mayhall

PHOTOS: GEORGE E. NEWMAN COLLECTION

HOW DOES A TOWN, a city, a nation, cope with civil disorder? Certainly this knotty question has become one of major importance today, close to every person and every town, a problem involving all of society. And society proves daily that it has no simple answer. On July 12, 1917, a town in Arizona named Bisbee was faced with this same question. It was in the time of World War I, not Vietnam, and words like *socialism* and *communism*—even unionism—were relatively new and undefined. Civil disorder had not become a part of every man's experience and every evening's news.

Confronted with a situation that for them had little or no counterpart, the citizens of Bisbee were forced to depend upon their own judgment and forge their own controversial way. The problem that presented itself, the community's response to it, and the storm after the storm—all have striking parallels to today's experience, as well as some elements of uniqueness.

It is not the aim of this article to judge past or present but to recount one town's answer—offered more than half a century ago—to the insistent question of how to cope with civil disorder.

Set in Chiricahua Apache country, slightly southeast of the area of the Dragoon Mountains that form the invincible Cochise Stronghold, Bisbee lies in a narrow canyon of the Mule Mountains, about five miles from the Mexican border.

In a letter written in 1900, Mrs. F. E. A. Kimball called Bisbee, "an odd little corner of the world . . . a collection of shanties, adobe huts and a few half way decent appearing houses, looking as though they had just been dropped down in the mountain gorge. All over the hillsides hundreds of them have stuck fast and the rest of them are piled up in a heap in the bottom."

The El Paso and Southwestern boxcars and cattle cars stand ready for loading, July 12, 1917.

As such street names as Tombstone Gulch, Brewery Gulch, O.K. Street, and Mule Gulch testify, Bisbee had its rough-and-tumble history, its share of outlaws and saloons; but it never gained the notoriety of Tombstone, its neighbor in Cochise County, which was considered to be one of the wildest, most turbulent sections of the west. Bisbee was a little stern about such things as inviting undesirables to leave and seeing that they did. Even as a mining camp, before it became one of the greatest copper-producing centers of the world, the community handled its crises decisively.

In 1917, Bisbee was booming, its citizens totally and personally involved in the town, in copper production, and in answering a call to patriotic action as the United States entered World War I.

IT WAS DAYBREAK, Thursday, July 12, 1917. Well-organized groups of men began to move systematically, house by house, street by street, each group on specific assignment in a predesignated area of town. There was no shouting, no fanfare. The men wore armbands signifying their special deputy status; they carried guns, and there was a look of determination in each face.

"Where are you going?" the deputy asked a man who was approaching the entrance to the copper mine.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In past issues THE AMERICAN WEST has published articles on the IWW which presented essentially the union viewpoint ("Why I Wrote *Solidarity Forever*," January 1968, and "The Case of the Very-American Militants," March 1970). This account of another historic labor confrontation, the Bisbee, Arizona, deportation, is based mainly on two pro-management sources, the company-owned Bisbee *Daily Review* and the recollections and observations of one of the organizers of the deportation, Dr. Nelson C. Bledsoe.

"To the picket lines."

"There's not going to be any picket line this morning."

The man would have known that already, might even have known that he was about to be arrested, if he had read the big bold print in that morning's Bisbee *Daily Review:*

ALL WOMEN AND CHILDREN KEEP OFF STREETS TODAY

Bisbee
July 12, 1917

I have formed a Sheriff's Posse of 1,200 men in Bisbee and 1,000 in Douglas, all loyal Americans, for the purpose of arresting, on charges of vagrancy, treason, and of being disturbers of the peace of Cochise County, all those strange men who have congregated here from other parts and sections for the purpose of harrassing and intimidating all men who desire to pursue their daily toil. I am continually told of threats and insults heaped upon the working men of this district by so-called strikers, who are strange to these parts, yet who presume to dictate the manner of life of the people of this district.

Appeals to patriotism do not move them, nor do appeals to reason. At a time when our country needs her every resource, these strangers persist in keeping from her the precious metal production of this entire district.

Today I heard threats to the effect that homes would be destroyed because the heads of families insisted upon their rights as Americans to work for themselves, their families and their country.

Other threats have and are being daily made. Men have been assaulted and brutally beaten, and only today I heard the Mayor of Bisbee threatened and his requests ignored. We cannot longer stand or tolerate such conditions. This is no labor trouble—we are sure of that—but a direct attempt to embarrass and injure the government of the United States.

I therefore call upon all loyal Americans to aid me in peaceably arresting these disturbers of our national and local peace. Let no shot be fired throughout this day unless in necessary self defense, and I hereby give warning that each and every leader of the so-called strikers will be held personally responsible for any injury inflicted upon any of my deputies while in the performance of their duties as deputies of my posse, for whose acts I, in turn, assume full responsibility as Sheriff of this county.

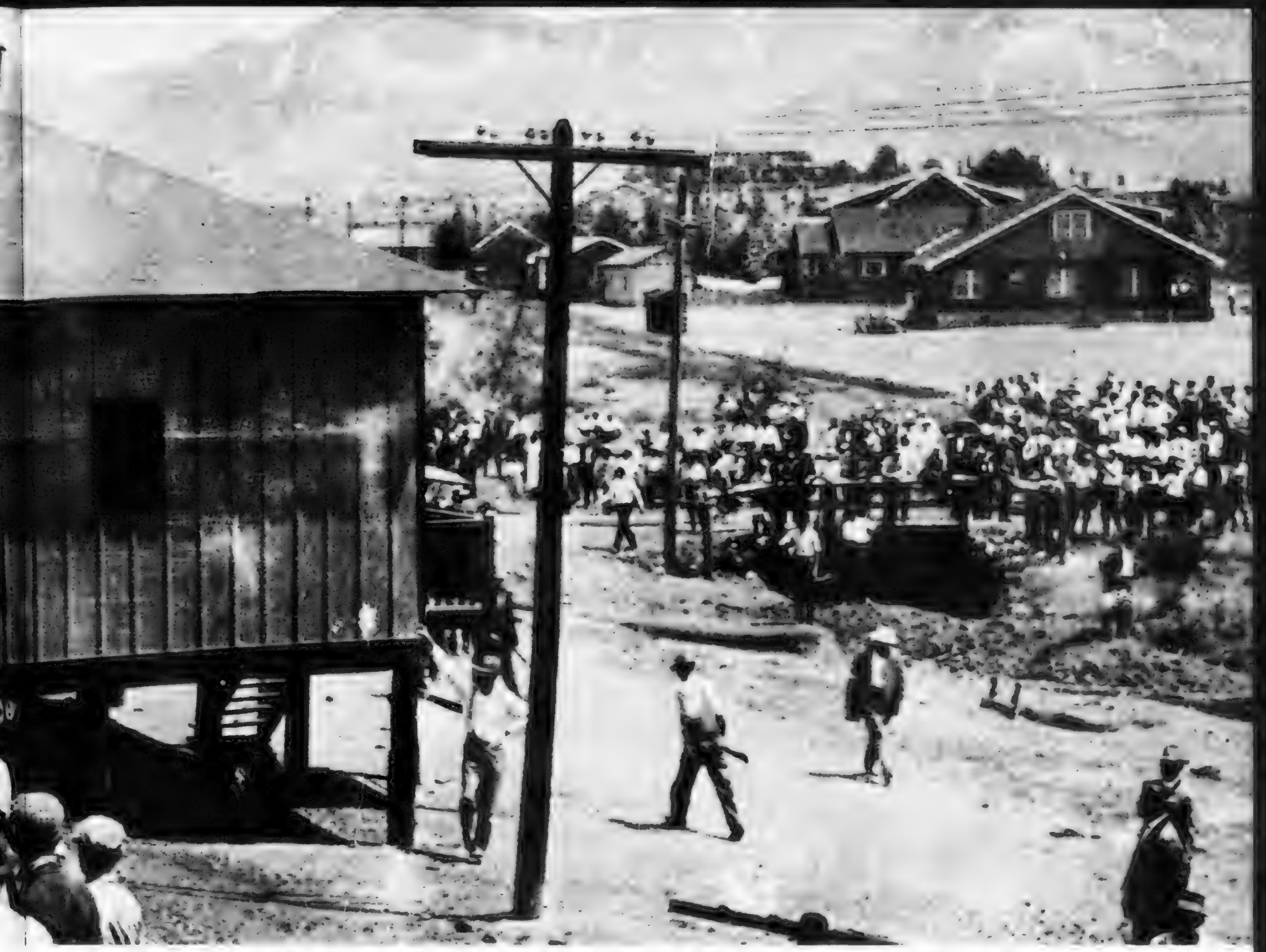
All arrested persons will be treated humanely and their cases examined with justice and care. I hope no resistance will be made, for I desire no bloodshed. However, I am determined if resistance is made, it shall be quietly and effectively overcome.

Harry C. Wheeler
Sheriff, Cochise County, Arizona

Some said afterward that a copy of Sheriff Wheeler's proclamation was carried by each deputy and used as the

legal device for arresting members and sympathizers of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) that morning, but such is unlikely. Most of the deputies were too busy rounding up prisoners to have time to read the newspaper. Besides, the arrangements had all been made the evening before at a meeting in the Copper Queen Dispensary in Bisbee.

The meeting was well attended by carefully chosen representatives, including most of the civic leaders of Bisbee: local businessmen, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and tradesmen. Also present were Grant Dowell, general manager of Phelps-Dodge Corporation (which owned and operated the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company, the largest copper concern in the area), and several representatives of the Shattuck Arizona Mining Company, which had been forced to shut down by the strike. Calumet and Arizona Mining Company, the second largest company in the district, had no



Crossing the bridge at Warren, the Wobblies and deputies are near the siding where the trains have arrived.

official representative at the meeting; John Greenway, the general manager, was in Europe at war, and the acting manager was not present.

One of the civic leaders present was Nelson C. Bledsoe, at that time chief surgeon of the Calumet and Arizona Hospital in Warren, a suburb of Bisbee. Dr. Bledsoe had been a physician for the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company since 1904, and it was under his supervision that the hospital, financed by the mining company, was completed in June 1917. Dr. Bledsoe remained in the position of chief surgeon there until 1930.

It is Dr. Bledsoe who has furnished firsthand information about the deportation and its attendant circumstances for this account. Many of the details herein have never before been recorded, and his remarks have helped to clear some of the confusion surrounding this episode. (Stories about the Bisbee deportation have been particularly distorted and conflicting. Most of the photographs were destroyed or hidden by local citizens in the furor that followed, and it has proved difficult to find eyewitnesses who could offer more than a hazy recollection of the event. Perhaps because of this, and because legitimate information often was slanted and revised to suit the purposes of the individual writer, facts must be culled carefully from available material on the subject.)

Sheriff Wheeler and Grant Dowell were co-chairmen of that meeting of July 11, 1917, but Sheriff Wheeler did most of the talking. A very short man, only 5 feet, 3 inches, but well respected as an able law officer who was fair to his prisoners, Harry Wheeler had been sheriff of Cochise County since 1912, when the Arizona Territorial Rangers in which he was a captain was disbanded.

On June 27 the IWW—also variously referred to as the

Wobblies, "Imperial Wilhelm's Warriors," and "I Won't Work"—had called a strike in Bisbee without the formality of a vote.

The IWW was an industrial union of revolutionary character organized in 1905 in Chicago by delegates from forty-three labor organizations. Among its leaders was Eugene V. Debs. It was plagued with internal problems from the beginning, and disagreements led to the withdrawal in 1907 of its chief original strength, the Western Federation of Miners. In its strongest years the IWW conducted about a hundred and fifty strikes and had a violent history generally in the West.

The purpose of the IWW was defined in the preamble to its constitution (revised version of 1908) as: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common.... Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system."

The IWW sought out migratory workers, farmhands, lumberjacks, and longshoremen as well as skilled workers for membership, but craft unions were not allowed. Methods of achieving its goals were direct and included propaganda, boycotting, and striking. The organization rejected efforts to mediate or arbitrate disputes because immediate goals and improvements were considered unimportant; the ultimate aim was final emancipation.

Wobblies were antimilitaristic during World War I. When the United States government asked all unions to help in the war effort, all agreed except the IWW. Its members were accused of draft evasion, sabotage, and creating German-paid strikes to cripple essential war industries.

IWW interest in Bisbee as a major copper-producing center in early 1917 was inevitable. Offices were set up, and efforts to organize the district's copper miners begun.

RECEPTION of the Wobblies was generally cool in Bisbee, where working conditions were good and wages high. Then, too, Wobblies were "foreigners," and their reputation had preceded them. Still, the IWW gained some members, and because in any boom period there is always demand for more employees, many imported Wobblies were hired to work in the mines.

About 2,000 out of the more than 4,500 miners in Bisbee went on strike on June 27. A. S. Embree, a leader of the strike committee, presented mine owners with demands, most significant of which were: abolition of a regular physical examination, use of two men on all machines, no blasting during working shifts, no bonus and contract work, no sliding scale of wages, institution of a flat minimum wage of $6.00 per shift underground and $5.50 above, and no discrimination against members of labor organizations.

The mining companies ignored the demands, which they claimed were "inimical to good government in time of peace and treasonable in time of war."

The strike continued.

Bisbee citizens were certain that the figure of 2,000 did not truly represent IWW strength in Bisbee. (The local estimate of between 600 and 1,000 was drawn in part from individual counts taken at a recent funeral parade staged by the IWW for a member who had died of pneumonia.)

As the strike persisted, more and more miners went back to work. Some may at first have been under the impression that the strike had been called by the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, of which some miners were members. (The president of that organization, Charles H. Moyer, suspecting that the IWW was trying to discredit the IUMMS, declined all authority and responsibility for the strike.) Other miners had originally gone out on strike to

The guards patrol and maintain order during the deportation; two men were killed during the round-up.

avoid being labeled "scabs" by their companions.

With more miners crossing the picket lines daily, tempers flared and the threat of violence became more imminent. Fighting broke out as picketers began to use physical force to prevent miners from returning to the mines. The Copper Queen Company, believing sabotage to be a real possibility, stationed a company of ten men at each of their mines where sabotage would be most likely or most disastrous. As rumors of possible sabotage increased, their source became a point of argument. The mining companies were later accused by some persons of starting the rumors themselves, but Bisbee, alert to the reputation of the IWW in other areas of the West and to the mounting tensions at the picket lines, felt that sabotage of the mines and destruction of miners' homes were the next logical steps in IWW tactics. Sheriff Harry Wheeler, who had promised the miners their right to work and protection against violence, asked the governor of Arizona, Thomas Campbell, for the assistance of the state militia. The militia, however, having been mustered into active service when the United States entered World War I, was no longer under state control. Governor Campbell turned to President Woodrow Wilson for help with Bisbee's mounting problem.

(According to some references, President Wilson sent a representative to Bisbee to determine the facts in the matter —a Colonel Harbrook, who was in Bisbee on June 30 and July 2, and who reported that no evidence of violence existed at that time. Other sources, including Dr. Bledsoe, state that the president sent no representative to Bisbee until after the deportation had occurred, at which time he sent a brigadier general, who was personally escorted through Bisbee by Nelson Bledsoe.)

In any case, Bisbee was told by the president that no troops

would be sent unless violence had actually occurred. So, as Sheriff Wheeler told the meeting at the Copper Queen Dispensary, it was up to Bisbee to handle its own problems and protect itself. The best means of accomplishing that aim would be to get rid of the IWW permanently.

After some discussion, it was decided that IWW members and sympathizers would be arrested and taken as a group to Columbus, New Mexico, where federal troops were known to be stationed. Surely if Bisbee could get them that far, the army would take over at that point.

Sheriff Wheeler deputized everyone at the meeting, including men from nearby Douglas, where the Phelps-Dodge smelter was located. Cautioning against any violence, the sheriff divided the deputies into small "searching" parties, each with a leader. The plan was reviewed in detail, and no one spoke out against it.

Because such an ambitious plan had to be executed quietly, quickly, and systematically, an effort was made to prevent all communication to and from Bisbee on July 12, against the possibility that the Wobblies might seek outside help. Even though the deputies were unable to censor the telephone service, no such interference occurred, possibly owing to the speed with which the round up was accomplished and the general calm that prevailed throughout the deportation.

The march of prisoners was to begin at the Bisbee post office plaza, a favorite hangout of the Wobblies. After deputies had completed the search of the northern and northwestern areas of Bisbee and brought their prisoners to the plaza, Sheriff Wheeler gave the order for the march to begin. It was scarcely daylight as the men walked down Subway Street to Depot Plaza, across the streetcar tracks, down Naco Road, and along the railroad line to Lowell Street. The numbers increased all along the route as Wobblies found in boardinghouses, the IWW union hall, on O.K. Street, in the hotels, at the mine gates, in Lowell and Warren were added to the march by the various searching parties.

Only in one instance were guns fired during the deportation. As deputies approached a boardinghouse in Lowell, James Brew, an IWW man, fired at them through a closed screen door from the front hallway. His shots killed a deputy, Orson P. McRae, shift boss of the Copper Queen Mine. McRae's companions then returned the fire through the still-closed door, killing Brew.

From Lowell Street the prisoners, flanked by deputies, marched down the county road and through the gates of the baseball park at Warren, a total distance from the post office plaza of about three miles. It was a little after 6 o'clock in the morning.

Prisoners were questioned and checked individually to make certain that no one had been arrested improperly. Any man who was not a member or sympathizer of the IWW was released. A few who were given their freedom chose to remain with the prisoners anyway. All persons who wished to speak were permitted to. The atmosphere was almost cordial.

In all, there were nearly 1,200 prisoners (including William Cleary, the IWW lawyer) and about 2,000 deputies in Warren Park. From the photographs it is clear that not all women did as they were told and stayed off the streets that day; some can be seen in the crowd, no doubt as onlookers and/or protestors of the day's events.

An El Paso and Southwestern engine, pulling more than two dozen boxcars and slatted cattle cars, arrived on the track alongside the ball park. The cars, furnished with water and bread, were loaded with forty or more prisoners each. Two deputies were stationed on top of each car to make certain that no one left the train before the designated time. It was nearly noon before the train could pull away from the ball park and begin a hot journey across the desert to Columbus.

In the Warren baseball park 1,200 prisoners and 2,000 deputies convene for the trip to Columbus.

COLUMBUS had quite a colorful history of its own as a stopping place for many well-known heroes and outlaws in the early West. In 1916 the town had been attacked by Pancho Villa, and it was partially because of the lingering threat that U.S. Army troops were stationed there.

When the train with its unusual cargo arrived in Columbus, it ran into an unexpected problem. The railroad superintendent, who was on board, was told by the army not only that it would not receive the prisoners but that he would be personally arrested if the caravan was not immediately removed from Columbus.

So the trainload of prisoners moved again, now west, back toward Arizona. Twenty-three miles later, almost at the state border, it stopped again, this time just outside the village of Hermanas, New Mexico. There, in the rain that had begun to fall, the engine and tender car were uncoupled from the rest of the train, and the deputies and railroad officials rode home in them, leaving the boxcars and cattle cars standing on the tracks, their doors unlocked and their occupants warned never to return to Bisbee.

A few of the Wobblies scattered to various areas of the West. (Some references, reporting that Mexican nationals were among the group, state that these returned to their homes across the Mexican border. Dr. Bledsoe, however, says that there were no Mexican nationals.) Most of the Wobblies stayed around the train or in Hermanas. They soon had no money and no place to sleep, and finally the army was convinced that it should assume responsibility for them. A camp was set up, with food and clothing provided by the army, and although the men were not confined, many of them

stayed on until the camp was closed in September.

On the assumption that some of the Wobblies might try to return to Bisbee, guards were established at the entrances to the town ("down the canyon and on the divide") with orders to admit no one whose purpose was agitation, whether that person had been a deportee or not. Anyone who did not have legitimate business in Bisbee was shown the way to Tombstone or the way to Douglas.

Some accounts indicate that this practice continued into September 1917, but Dr. Bledsoe, who states that it was in effect less than two weeks, explains its short duration as follows: Wiley Jones, then attorney general for Arizona, was a Democrat. The governor, Thomas Campbell, was a Republican. Immediately after the deportation, Mr. Jones came to Bisbee to investigate the matter. Suspecting that the attorney general was in Bisbee simply to "build his political fences," Governor Campbell decided that he would come to Bisbee, too. Bisbee did not want the governor there. Everyone was aware that posting guards at the entrances to the town was not exactly proper, and as expected, as soon as Governor Campbell arrived and discovered the guards, he ordered them disbanded.

Every solution or partial solution to civil disorder has met with a variety of responses, claims, and counterclaims. The Bisbee deportation was no exception; it created a furor that was felt nationwide. Reporters came to Bisbee and wrote stories from every angle, some of them so anti-Bisbee that the reporters were invited to leave.

A pathetic picture was painted of the IWW women and children who were left hungry and homeless in Bisbee without any means of supporting themselves. It was true that the lives of such people surely were disrupted. Dr. Bledsoe states, however, that reports were exaggerated, that the families were physically well provided for throughout this period; money was furnished for rent and utilities, and they were able to obtain groceries at the Copper Queen Store without cost. Records of these provisions were made in triplicate, one copy for the store, one for the records in the mining company office, and one for the governor, who received reports daily.

An oft-repeated accusation was that Phelps-Dodge ordered Sheriff Wheeler to break up the strike. This was angrily denied. In a review of the facts, it becomes obvious that although the mining companies, Phelps-Dodge in particular, had a great deal of influence in the town, it is highly unlikely that the company would have needed to apply such pressure, even supposing it had the power.

Bisbee was not strongly pro-union. There were occasional grievances voiced by the miners, but it was generally conceded that the mining companies in the district paid better wages and provided more benefits than in any other district. Community relations were generally good. Congeniality prevailed among the companies themselves and also between individual companies and the townspeople, both before and after Bisbee was incorporated in 1902.

Effects of the deportation were felt for some time in Bisbee. In November 1917, the president sent a special commission to investigate, with the current Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson as its leader and Felix Frankfurter as its secretary.

In the opinion of the commission, some of the demands of the IWW had merit, but not enough to have justified a strike. The commission condemned the sheriff, the civic leaders, and the mine officials of Bisbee for their action, and recommended that legal measures be taken against them. The difficulties, as the commission soon became acutely aware, were that the state courts were slow to act against Bisbee and that federal law neither guaranteed the right to organize unions nor prohibited deportation.

Finally, state kidnapping charges were filed against Undersheriff Harry F. Wootton and Sheriff Wheeler. By that time the latter was serving with the American Expeditionary Forces in France and was forced to return to Arizona. The district attorney intended to indict several others if a conviction was gained. Believing that the possibility was greater for a conviction in the Wootton case if the sheriff was a witness for the state, the district attorney asked that the indictment against Sheriff Wheeler be dropped. In the trial of Harry F. Wootton, which was held in the Tombstone courthouse and lasted three months, Sheriff Wheeler, on the witness stand, again personally assumed entire responsibility for the deportation. Wootton was acquitted. Judge Samuel J. Pattee stated that, although under normal circumstances such action would without a doubt be illegal, unusual circumstances did exist that made unusual measures necessary. In effect, the deportation was necessary to protect the community against a threatened danger in wartime. His argument was later referred to as the "law of necessity."

Because of the lack of successful prosecution by the state, indictments charging kidnapping were filed in federal court at Tucson against twenty-five prominent men of Bisbee, including Sheriff Harry C. Wheeler, Harry Wootton, and Dr. Nelson Bledsoe.

George Mauk, U.S. marshal, was given the task of arresting the Bisbee defendants. Dr. Bledsoe explains that the marshal, a little perplexed as to how to go about the mass arrest, explained his problem to an attorney friend in Bisbee. The attorney told him that the problem was easily solved, invited the marshal to have a chair, and handed the list of names to his secretary, who telephoned each man, explained the purpose of the call, and asked him to come over to the attorney's office. They all arrived and were properly served. Then came the question of meeting the $5,000 bond. One name being worth about as much as another, the men signed one another's bonds. The whole matter was completed in less than an hour. The marshal had arrested the leaders of Bisbee without moving out of his chair.

For several weeks, the indicted men were required to make

daily trips back and forth to Douglas while the validity of the indictments was argued at length. They were finally quashed by Judge William Morrow, whose decision was that no federal law had been violated. In October 1920, that judgment was reviewed by the U.S. Supreme Court and was upheld.

Suits were filed by the IWW deportees, claiming damages up to $5,845,000; but no claim was upheld in court, and it is doubtful, although possible, that any monetary settlements were made out of court.

After the deportation, a committee of five men from Bisbee, including Nelson Bledsoe, went to Washington for the purpose of stabilizing the price of copper, which was fluctuating a great deal because of inflated wartime demands. They accomplished their mission, stabilizing copper at twenty-six cents; before returning to Bisbee, they had a short conversation with Secretary of War Newton Baker. According to Dr. Bledsoe, Secretary Baker pointed out where the town had erred in its judgment:

"If you had a dead cat in your backyard and you threw it over in your neighbor's yard, your neighbor wouldn't like it —and that's what you did with these fellows."

How extensive the effects of the deportation were was a question hotly argued. Claims and counterclaims were made. Some people said that Bisbee's action "fanned the flames of discontent throughout the civilized world" and increased IWW membership by at least 100 percent.

In truth, the IWW hit its peak membership in about 1912, informally claiming some 100,000 members (with only about 60,000 of these carrying current membership cards). Since much of the membership was migratory and casual labor, it was difficult to form a "cohesive" union of dues-paying members. Quite apart from the Bisbee deportation, history has shown that the IWW was not a successfully organized union, although it was credited with at least temporarily organizing migrant workers. In some areas it did improve working conditions and create shorter working hours. Probably it was most influential as a propaganda agent and a voice in the program of later unions.

After the deportation, the IWW continued to try to organize in other parts of Arizona but without a great deal of success. By the end of May 1918, a resolution denouncing the union had been adopted by the Arizona legislature. IWW influence was declining steadily in the United States.

IWW claims aside, the Bisbee deportation drew a volume of honest criticism. An article in the New York *Times* stated: ". . . a sheriff who makes his own laws is on indefensible grounds; and inhumanity is worse than the IWW. Bisbee had the right to defend itself against violence, not to do violence."

It was undeniable, however, that Bisbee had won. Although the appropriateness of the solution would continue to be argued, the problem had been eradicated, the "scourge" removed in a single day. In time, many of the deported men drifted back into Bisbee and several were given back their jobs, but not, of course, as IWW members. Eventually the deportation was forgotten, or at least not discussed. Bisbee would prefer to let it rest and to dwell on less controversial elements of its history.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Now deserted, the Bisbee city park was a favorite meeting place for demonstrations and speeches of the IWW members in 1917.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The acquisition by the author of the George E. Newman collection of photographs of the deportation inspired the research which brought about this article. Nelson C. Bledsoe, M.D., chief surgeon of the Calumet and Arizona hospital in Warren and a civic leader in Bisbee in 1917, graciously agreed to share his firsthand experience of the circumstances with the author. The record and collections of the Arizona Historical Society and the University of Arizona special collections (including documents, letters and area newspaper accounts), references from other sources, the Newman family's personal knowledge of and contacts in the Bisbee-Douglas area and the Bisbee *Daily Review* also contributed richly to the research.

Bisbee today is faced with the imminent probability that Phelps-Dodge will drastically curtail its copper mining operations there within the year. Mining has been Bisbee's mainstay since the mid-1800s and without it, survival itself is in question. It is of just such circumstances as these that ghost towns are made. Bisbee's determination is her strong point and may see her through. It is yet too soon to know.

Pamela D. Mayhall *is a freelance writer, who often works with her husband, an artist-illustrator, on psycho-social and historical projects. She has been published in both adult and juvenile fields.*

A Gallery of Horses

With Sketches and Captions by Frederic Remington

Frederic Remington's illustrated essay on the evolution of the American bronco, "Horses of the Plains," appeared in the January 1889 issue of the *Century* magazine. Starting with the Spanish discovery of the Barbary horse in North Africa during the fifteenth century, Remington followed the "barb" to America and traced regional and genetic variations as they developed. Several of the drawings appearing here were originally sketched out roughly in Remington's letters to Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian,* and all appeared in the *Century* article. Captions are excerpted from Remington's text.

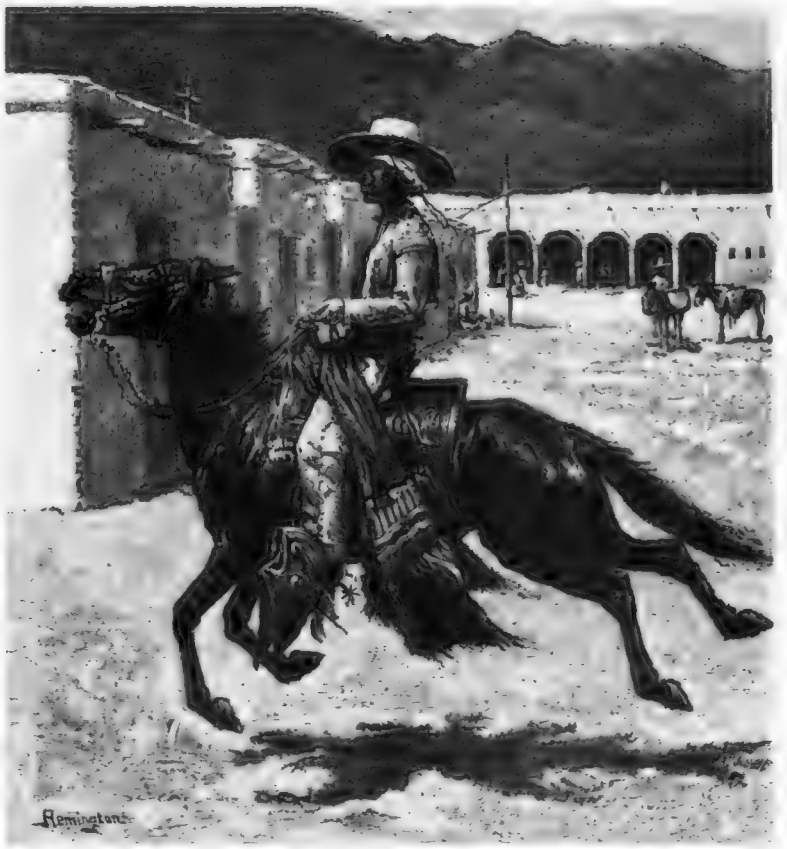
"To men of all ages the horse of northern Africa has been the standard of worth and beauty and speed. It was bred for the purpose of war and reared under the most favorable climatic conditions, and its descendants have infused their blood into all the strains which in our day are regarded as valuable. . . . Of all the monuments which the Spaniard has left to glorify his reign in America, there will be none more worthy than his horse."

"The lapse of nearly four centuries has so changed the American 'bronco' from his Spanish ancestor that he now enjoys a distinctive individuality. This individuality is also subdivided; and as all types come from a common ancestry, the reasons for this varied development are sought with interest, though I fear not always with accuracy. Cortés left Cuba on his famous expedition with 'sixteen horses,' which were procured from the plantations of that island at great expense."

"As a matter of course these horses did not contribute to the stocking of the conquered country, for they all laid down their lives to make another page of military history in the annals of the Barbary horse."

"That horses were lost by the Spaniards and ran in a wild state over the high, dry plains of Mexico and Texas at an early day is certain; and as the conditions of life were favorable, they must have increased rapidly."

"It is often a question whether the 'pinto,' or painted pony of Texas, is the result of a pinto ancestry, or of a general coupling of horses of all colors. The latter, I think, is the case, for the Barb was a one-color horse, and the modern horse-breeder in his science finds no difficulty in producing that color which he deems the best. . . . The most inexperienced horseman will not have to walk around the animal twice in order to tell a Texas pony. . . . He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a 'glass eye' and a 'pinto hide.'"



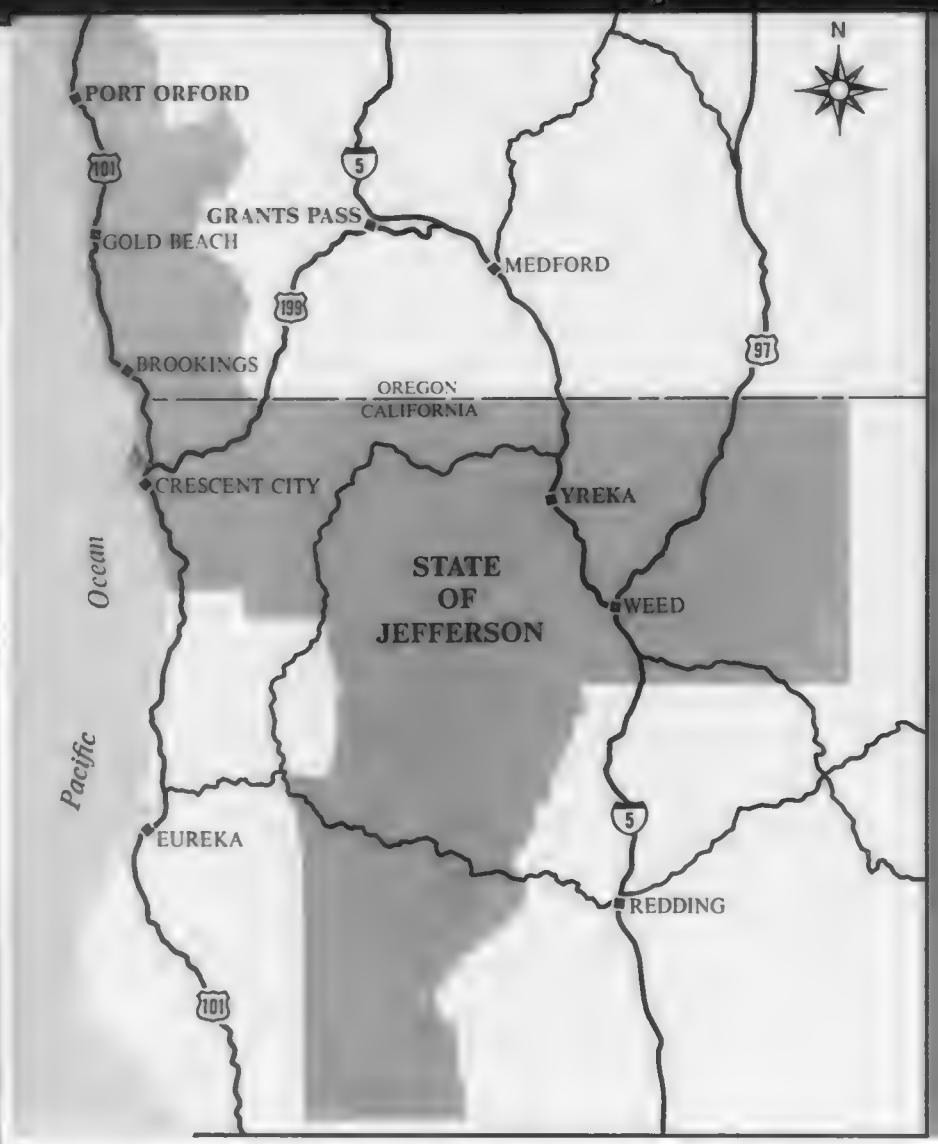
"The Mexicans on their Indian-infested frontier kept their horses close herded; for they lived where they had located their ranches, desired good horses, and took pains to produce them. The sires were well selected, and the growing animals were not subjected to the fearful setbacks attendant on passing a winter on the cold plains. . . . Therefore we must look to the Spanish horse of northern Mexico for the nearest type to the progenitors of the American bronco."

"The savage red man in his great contest with nature has learned, not to combat nature, but to observe her moods and to prepare a simple means of escape. He puts up no fodder [for his ponies] for the winter, but relies on the bark of the cottonwood. Often he is driven to dire extremity to bring his stock through the winter. . . . Before the early grass starts in the spring the emaciated appearance of one of these little ponies . . . will sorely try the feelings of an equine philanthropist should he look along the humpy ribs and withered quarters. But alack! when the young grass does shoot, the pony scours the trash which composes his winter diet, sheds his matted hair, and shines forth another horse. In a month 'Richard's himself again,' ready to fly over the grassy sward with his savage master or to drag the travaux *and pack the buxom squaw."*

"The 'cayuse,' a fine strain of pony stock, took its name from a tribe, though it became disseminated over all that country [the Rocky Mountain West]. . . . The cayuse is generally roan in color, with always a tendency this way, no matter how slight. He is strongly built, heavily muscled, and the only bronco which possesses square quarters. In height he is about fourteen hands; and while not possessed of the activity of the Texas horse, he has much more power."

"This particular American horse . . . graces the western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the heat and burden and the vicissitudes of all that pale of romance which will cling about the western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or the wagon, he seems a living protest against utilitarianism; but, unlike his red master, he will not go. He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain-man, and the vaquero through all the glories of their careers; but they will soon be gone, with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new regime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the ground."

"At this stage of development of the bronco [1889], he is no longer the little narrow-shouldered, cat-hammed brute of his native plains, but as round and square and arched as 'anybody's horse,' as a Texan would express it. In this shape I see him ridden in Central Park, and fail to see but that he carries himself as gallantly as though his name were in the 'Stud-Book.'"



A peculiarly-shaped forty-ninth state of the Union. Residents seceded from both California and Oregon.

The Short, Happy History of the State of Jefferson

by Richard Reinhardt

PORT ORFORD, on the coast of southern Oregon, was an inauspicious birthplace for a new state of the union thirty years ago this winter, and Gilbert E. Gable, the mayor of the town, was an unlikely founding father. Port Orford was barely a village—no telegraph, no railroad line, no public library—a place too small to nurture a Kiwanis Club, much less a constitutional convention. As for Mayor Gable, he was an outlander, a retired public relations man from back east, who had shucked off a tiresome job in Pennsylvania and moved west to inhale the fragrance of the spruce woods and occasionally sell a piece of real estate to someone who shared his taste for open space.

Still, not every statesman is cast in the mold of William Penn, nor every commonwealth cradled in the matrix of a thundering metropolis. It was Mayor Gable who raised the cry of liberation in the fall of 1941, and Port Orford was his Philadelphia. Within a few weeks, his manifesto had inspired a full-fledged independence movement—a secession state, complete with ensign and regalia, border patrols, militia, and a shadow government. The state administrators of Oregon and California had begun to look on the rebellion as a definite annoyance; an imaginative young newspaper reporter from San Francisco had made a national mark as the authoritative chronicler of the secession movement; and an indifferent nation, absorbed in other pressing problems, had been forced to notice, for at least an instant, the existence of a place called Curry County, Oregon, adjacent to the California border.

In the beginning this was as much as Mayor Gable wanted. He felt that Oregon had been atrociously neglectful of this strange and haunting coastland, refusing for quite inexplicable reasons to exploit the almost unlimited resources of timber and minerals in the misty green ranges of the Siskiyous—and he hoped to draw attention to this negligence. One day early in October, when the county court of justice was holding session, Mayor Gable, accompanied by several of his friends, stormed into the courtroom and demanded legal sanction to transfer the county from Oregon to California. The judge responded by appointing an official commission, consisting of Gable and a couple of his acquaintances from the nearby towns of Brookings and Gold Beach, to look into the practical aspects of annexation. As a start, Gable sent a letter to Governor Culbert L. Olson of California, requesting an appointment to discuss an *anschluss*.

The resulting publicity was everything Gable had desired—newspaper articles by the dozens, editorials, comments on the radio—and the official reaction was precisely what one might have expected. Governor Olson said warily that he was "glad to know they think enough of California to want to join it."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

This traffic-stopping border patrol appears to be looking for an audience rather than contraband. William Maginnis reads the proclamation of independence to an unidentified motorist on Highway 99.

Oregon, in the person of its attorney general, said, in effect, that Curry County was free to annex itself to a dry lake. All it would need was the consent of the United States Congress, the Oregon legislature, and the California legislature and the approval of a majority of the Oregon electorate. The editors of the Portland *Oregonian* warned Curry County to beware: "If ambition be realized, Curry would of course immediately acquire the glorious climate of California and become a haven of retired mid-west farmers; development of its mineral riches would add much more to the population. Gold Beach would become a metropolis with offensive slums, and Latin quarters, and traffic problems and police scandals and what not to cause dislike of it throughout the hinterland. Whereupon the hinterland would logically secede from Gold Beach."

Such a display of hostility, indifference, and ridicule might have been sufficient to douse Mayor Gable's flame. But a spark of rebellion struck fire instantly in the woodsy canyons of the border country. It turned out that the idea of separation was by no means new to the people of the Siskiyou Range. Long before the State of Oregon had been admitted to the Union in 1859, the gold miners of the region had been clamoring for local statehood; and in the adjoining counties of Northern California, secession had been an endemic disease from the firing of the first Roman candle on Admission Day, 1850. During California's first decade as a state, creative legislators brought forth schemes to divide the former Mexican province into three states (California, Colorado, and Shasta); to split it into Alta California and Southern California; to cut loose the sagebrush country east of the Sierra; and even to form a Pacific Republic, separate from the United States. This centrifugal force was at its strongest among the miners of the far north, who recognized no state boundaries, natural or man-made, in their commerce and society. The citizens of Yreka and Happy Camp, California, regularly voted in the neighboring state as well as their own, and so did the patriots of Jacksonville and Waldo and other settlements in southern Oregon. At the same time, nobody paid much attention to the tax collectors of either state. This lack of respect was reciprocated in Sacramento, where a legislator once said that many people in the Siskiyous still bartered bear claws and eagle beaks.

Now and then, a wave of provincial chauvinism would sweep along the foggy, rock-strewn coast and through the winding valleys of the Klamath River, and petitions would begin to circulate, pleading the necessity of establishing a new state called Shasta, Klamath, Jackson or some such thing. As recently as 1935, John Childs, a judge in Crescent City, California, had headed a facetious secession movement,

BANCROFT LIBRARY

PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE

You are now entering Jefferson, the 49th State of the Union.

Jefferson is now in patriotic rebellion against the States of California and Oregon.

This State has seceded from California and Oregon this Thursday, November 27, 1941.

Patriotic Jeffersonians intend to secede each Thursday until further notice.

For the next hundred miles as you drive along Highway 99, you are travelling parallel to the greatest copper belt in the Far West, seventy-five miles west of here.

The United States government needs this vital mineral. But gross neglect by California and Oregon deprives us of necessary roads to bring out the copper ore.

If you don't believe this, drive down the Klamath River highway and see for yourself. Take your chains, shovel and dynamite.

Until California and Oregon build a road into the copper country, Jefferson, as a defense-minded State, will be forced to rebel each Thursday and act as a separate State.

(Please carry this proclamation with you and pass them out on your way.)

State of Jefferson Citizens Committee
Temporary State Capitol, Yreka

Ten days after this defense-minded proclamation, the country was defending itself against the Japanese.

a chimerical "State of Jefferson," with himself as governor, to dramatize the lack of good highways on the redwood coast. But that movement, like all the others, had flickered out, and the region had remained the Tibet of the Pacific Coast. Gilbert Gable merely had taken a dormant growth, native to the territory, and coaxed it back to life.

Gable had not only the zeal of a convert but the skill of a professional opinion-molder. Although he referred to himself as "the hick mayor of the westernmost city in the United States," he actually was an experienced salesman with a flair for drama and a gift of phrase. During World War I he had been publicity director for several districts in the Liberty Loan drives. Later, he had written scripts for motion pictures and radio broadcasts. Just before he moved to Port Orford in 1935, he had been public relations man for the telephone company in Philadelphia for eleven years.

By the standards of Port Orford, Gable was a city slicker —civilized, sophisticated, and well-groomed; a good-looking, clean-shaven man, just into his fifties, with smooth brown hair and a pleasant smile. The two hundred fifty residents of the town found him charming and persuasive. He talked them into being the first community in Curry County to incorporate, and they naturally made him mayor. He started a real estate office called The Last Frontier, built a dock and a lumber mill, and stirred up waves. At a meeting in Cave City, Oregon, shortly after the secession movement got started, Gable pointed his finger dramatically at two grizzled miners in the audience and cried out: "Those two men own *a million flasks of quicksilver!* That's $180 million at present prices. It makes the gold rush fortunes look like peanuts. And they can't get it out of Curry County because the government won't help them develop the mine—even though they have a geologist's certified report."

That sort of talk was bound to inflame the minds of any number of traffickers in bear claws and eagle beaks.

In Grants Pass, a boosters' club called "The Oregon Cavemen," seizing a rare opportunity to publicize the Oregon Caves, proposed that rebel Curry, instead of defecting to California, should join Josephine County, Oregon, in an independent state of "Cavemania." In Crescent City, the Del Norte County board of supervisors used Gable's manifesto as the signal to create an interstate commission to promote the development of mineral resources, highways, and bridges.

But it was in Yreka, the lonely county seat of Siskiyou, that Gable's bid for attention was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm; for, if the border country was an American Tibet, Yreka was its Lhasa—a proud little mining town of twenty-four hundred, which had suffered for close to a century from a cruel and widespread slander to the effect that the place did not really exist but was just a way of misspelling Eureka. When Gilbert Gable began to collect scrapbooks full of clippings about Port Orford, the editor of Yreka's *Siskiyou Daily News* commented wistfully: "Hizzoner is one smart cookie. More people have heard of Curry County in the past month than heard of it before in 40 years . . . Siskiyou, which has been cold shouldered by various California big-wigs since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, might profit by Curry's sound tactics."

THE VERY DAY the editorial appeared, the Yreka Chamber of Commerce voted to investigate the possibility of forming a forty-ninth state (Alaska and Hawaii had not yet achieved statehood) to be called "Mittelwestcoastia." This state might be formed of three Oregon counties (Curry, Josephine, and Jackson) and three California counties (Siskiyou, Del Norte, and Modoc), all of which had been "ravaged by the neglect of Sacramento and Salem." The *Daily News* immediately announced a name-the-state contest to get rid of that frightful Mittelwestcoastia. Out of a field of equally repulsive entries including Orofino, Bonanza, Del Curiskiou, Siscurdelmo, New West, New Hope, and Discontent, the sponsors selected Jefferson.

Mayor Gable, meanwhile, issued a series of fiats that delighted the wire services. Jefferson would be free of obnoxious taxes: no sales taxes, no income taxes, no liquor taxes. All strikes would be outlawed during "the national

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Night gives a sinister cast to these Yreka citizens with a message. A border guard worked both the day and the night shift in the State of Jefferson but had every day off except Thursday.

emergency." Slot machines would be proscribed—not in moral reproach but because they constituted unfair competition to the local stud poker industry.

The whole affair began to make the Portland *Oregonian* extremely cross.

"Maybe it's all an advertising stunt," they said, "but Mayor Gable is carrying his side of the comicality to extremes . . . [He] has ceased to be funny."

To the newspapers of San Francisco, however, it appeared that the secession movement was finally catching on. Toward the end of November, the *Chronicle* assigned its liveliest feature writer, Stanton Delaplane, to go up to Yreka (wherever *that* might be) and do a series of articles on the Jeffersonians—something gentle and warm and tongue-in-cheek, like an A. A. Milne report on political upheaval at Pooh Corner. No one on the *Chronicle*, least of all Delaplane, took the forty-ninth state seriously, but the story would provide relief from the war news that dominated the headlines. The British Army was struggling to advance against the German tank corps in North Africa, and reports from the Russian front were equally disheartening. The correspondent Vincent Sheean, fresh from a tour of the Far East, was predicting that the U. S. and Japan would be at war within two months.

Delaplane packed an extra sweater, some jersey union suits, and a hip flask and drove up Highway 99 to give his city readers an inside report on the "Secession Snowball." The State of Jefferson Citizens Committee (consisting mostly of the Yreka 20-30 Club) had threatened to barricade the main north-south road on Thursday, November 27, and every Thursday thereafter in a symbolic act of secession.

Delaplane found the State of Jefferson a "cold, wild country where strangers at night leap precariously along the street from one hot buttered rum to the next." The thermometer stood at 18°F. A garageman, draining Delaplane's car, told him the whole secession movement had to do mostly with bad roads, neglected for thirty years by the state governments in Sacramento and Salem.

"It gets so bad here in the winter folks can't hardly get out of the back country," the garageman said. He admitted there was not much to do if you did get out, but people being what they are, they wanted to get out anyway.

Delaplane slogged through the sloshy streets of the "temporary state capital," where piles of chrome ore lay along the railroad tracks, to call on prominent secessionists. With the exception of Mayor Gable and Judge Childs of Crescent City, most of the leaders of the rebellion lived in Yreka;

Outside the proposed capitol, candidates for public office hold the hottest issue of the day—copper ore. One with the broadest smile is the town mortician.

O. G. Steele, division manager of the California-Oregon Power Company, headed the statehood commission and was regarded, with Gable and State Senator Randolph Collier, as a potential candidate for governor. George Milne, a mining man from Fort Scott, had declared himself a prospect for United States senator. (A natural aphorist, Milne summed up the Jefferson rebellion in the words: "Somebody had to bite a dog.") Heinie Russ, manager of the Yreka Inn, fancied himself as state treasurer; Homer Burton, the undertaker, said he would run for controller; and a lanky cattleman named William "Buffalo Bill" Lang offered to train a state militia. In Delaplane's opinion, they were all "partly mad, partly in fun, partly earnest about the new state." As the garageman put it: "You can't tell what folks up here will do when they get a notion."

Commissioner Steele got out a large-scale map and traced with his finger the belt of copper, chrome, and manganese running seventy-five miles west of Yreka.

"It's been laying back in those hills for centuries," he said, "and it'll lay there another century if we don't get it out now. There's a road in there, but it's one way in spots and crossed with ten-ton-limit bridges."

Next day, members of the 20-30 Club, with deer rifles and target pistols, were stopping automobiles north and south of town and passing out yellow handbills that proclaimed the independence of the State of Jefferson. Bonfires and barrels of kerosene blazed along the verges of the highway. The temperature was in the low twenties, and there was an opaque, porcelain whiteness to the sky that spoke of snow. Some of the merchants in town were displaying "Good Roads" buckets on their cash registers. One could deposit his sales tax pennies there, to be seized by Jefferson should Oregon and California fail to respond to reason. "No more copper from Jefferson until Governor Olson drives over these roads and digs it out."

On the third day of his visit, en route to the coast to see Mayor Gable, Delaplane managed to get himself trapped at Happy Camp, whence he wrote:

"Like the copper belt of the Siskiyous, I am stranded between highways. There is a road from this mining camp, halfway between Yreka and the coast, that leads to Grants Pass Highway. But Ed Thurgelow, a miner and humanist, said he wouldn't advise the 32-mile trip over the snowy tops of the mountains. He said cheerfully they would probably find my bones by spring all right and give them a decent burial. That is if I didn't wander from the car during my final agonies and run afoul of a hungry mountain lion."

Obviously, that sort of imprisonment made Delaplane as happy as a mouse locked in a granary. He was onto a good story; and, if he could not get around the back roads of the Siskiyous, neither could rival reporters catch up with him. He knew how to string out a narrative for *at least* 1001 nights, and he had a hound dog's nose for the scent of Old West romance. Dropping in at the *Siskiyou Daily News*, he had noticed a yellowed photograph of a four-man lynching, which somehow insinuated itself into the fabric of his story. Out on the embattled barricades, he had detected the tang of woodsmoke and the crackle of rustic humor, and these got in too. Woodsmoke, humor, and even lynchings were delectable to city readers who were tired of being informed that Betty Grable (currently starred with Tyrone Power in *A Yank in the R.A.F.*) received two hundred letters a day from servicemen and was being adopted as official sweetheart by an average of one army camp per week. The papers were reporting renewed German assaults on the outskirts of Moscow; Nazi troops around Tobruk were counterattacking; and two Japanese special envoys to Washington—Saburo Kurusu and Kiohisaburo Nomura—walked out in grim silence after a conference with President Roosevelt.

Deep in the snowy hills, Delaplane wrote tenderly about the road he had followed down to Happy Camp—"a brown sand ribbon through the tall, piney mountains alongside the Klamath River, rushing in white water toward the sea." He dwelt on the hazards of driving trucks in that rough country—the chains, the shovels, and the dynamite you had to carry to clear away landslides. He talked about the anonymous local opponents of separate statehood, whose motto was "Forty-eight States or Fight." He even picked up (or made up) a rumor that the lumber-producing counties were thinking of

coining their own wooden nickels. That story made page 1, along with the diplomatic talks in Washington and the score of the Big Game (University of California at Berkeley, 16; Stanford University, 0).

On the fourth day, Delaplane made a roundabout, two hundred mile trip by way of Medford and Grants Pass to Crescent City, where he found a telegraph. He datelined the story "Hard Scrabble Creek," the last of numberless rushing mountain streams he had crossed during the day. Finally, running into heavy overtime, he drove up the coast to Port Orford and interviewed Mayor Gable "in a redwood cabin while the Oregon skies poured dark rain into the pine-covered hills."

Reporter and public relations man felt an immediate affinity. Gable could tell a good story, and Delaplane was enchanted by his overt and joyous manipulation of publicity to draw attention to a small, vacant county in the Far West. Here sat Gilbert Gable, in his redwood cabin, demanding the convocation of a provisional state legislature and bragging that the State of Jefferson had Fifth Columnists at work in all the surrounding counties!

Gable had got hold of a bottle of 150-proof Hudson Bay rum, and they sampled it while the dark rain poured down. The rum cut the chill.

"I'm going to write that Gilbert Gable is watching the sun go down each evening over the Pacific with a golden dream in his eyes," Delaplane said. Gable laughed and said, "That's newspaper stuff, all right."

They talked about the dinosaur tracks Gable had found while prowling around the desert. ("Never look for elephant tracks if there's a dinosaur around," Gable said.) And they ruminated on the legal problems of Jefferson. What if California should try to dock Senator Collier one day's pay each Thursday, when he served as provisional governor of Jefferson? What should Heinie Russ, the treasurer, do for money on Thursdays when Jefferson was in operation? Would wooden nickels do? And, if so, what was a wooden nickel *really* worth?

Delaplane concluded his last story from the secession counties with a lyric outburst of praise for the frontier individualism, the lonely integrity of the mountain people. He wrote about the children who panned gold in old mine tailings to pay for Christmas shopping and housewives who always checked for traces of gold in the gizzards of chickens. Neither Owen Wister nor Theodore Roosevelt had ever romanced the Old West so shamelessly—or so well. A year later, the Trustees of Columbia University awarded Delaplane the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism for "distinguished reportorial work during the year 1941."

Datelining his final dispatch "Pistol River, Secession State of Jefferson," Delaplane warned Californians not to minimize the new state. Then he headed back for San Francisco, a place where new states and mountain fastnesses generally are held in small regard.

WITHOUT INDICATION of a grave illness, on the following day, December 2, Gilbert Gable died. He was fifty-five, and he left a wife and an eight-year-old son. As some of his friends put it, he had been too tense. Delaplane wrote the obituary for the *Chronicle*. He spoke of Gable as "a pioneer who used the tools at hand to fulfill his dreams of the West as men a century ago used long rifles and axes to build the nation.

"I think he was a man whose historical importance was yet to come," Delaplane wrote. "If Gilbert Gable's dreams had come to fruition, a new area of the West would have been opened."

Near the obituary was an article reporting that American forces throughout the Far East were on twenty-four-hour alert. Royal Arch Gunnison, a syndicated correspondent, quoted a "high aviation authority" of the United States Army: "If the Japanese want to start something, we can bomb Japanese cities and war objectives from the Philippines easier than they can come this way by air, since we have longer range, faster planes—the Flying Fortresses."

Like American power in the Philippines, the power of the State of Jefferson had yet to be tried; but the secession movement had developed at least enough vitality to survive the death of the founding father. Flags were half-masted over the public buildings, but delegates met in Yreka that afternoon and agreed to elect state officers the next day. Three California counties—Siskiyou, Del Norte, and Trinity—and Curry County, Oregon, were represented.

The second official Rebellion Thursday turned out to be the climax of the short happy history of the State of Jefferson. Mayor Gable's publicity stunts and Delaplane's prose had brought the Jeffersonians to national attention. Four newsreel companies sent cameramen. Two national picture magazines had dispatched photographers and reporters. The local newspaper urged its subscribers to swarm the town. "Please wear western clothes if they are available. . . . Two hundred people in western costumes will be selected to march past the camera for closeups."

Ranchers and lumbermen were out on the highway again, warming their hands around bonfires, waving shotguns, and passing out leaflets. Mounted patrols pranced along the outskirts of Yreka. Schools were let out early. The film crews were set up on the lawn of the Siskiyou County Courthouse, under a sky leaden with the threat of rain.

W. N. Davis, Jr., a California historian, gives this eyewitness account of the scene:

"Curious townsmen, ranchers, miners, visitors . . . school children . . . and a sprinkling of the 'secessionist' promoters, wearing broad-brimmed hats and boots, are standing about under the chestnut trees. Brilliant in their scarlet uniforms, the girls of the high school drum-and-bugle corps await their turn to entertain the crowd. A boy wearing a coonskin cap roams the grounds with two bear cubs at the end of chains. . . .

Continued on page 63

THE GREATEST SHOW IN MEXICO

A Wild West Spectacular in the Bullring

by Ronnie C. Tyler

THE 101 RANCH WILD WEST SHOW had been organized for only a couple of years when Joe and Zack Miller took it to Mexico in 1908. Other Wild West shows had traveled abroad with tremendous success—Buffalo Bill in 1887, Pawnee Bill in 1894. Buffalo Bill had given a command performance for Queen Victoria, and Pawnee Bill had thrilled the royalty of northern Europe. Hoping to stir up some enthusiasm and a little hard cash to recoup recent losses on an eastern tour, the 101 Ranch cowboys set out to share in the foreign popularity of what was a uniquely American contribution to outdoor entertainment.

From their headquarters in Marland, Oklahoma, the Millers took with them some of the best-known Wild West stars of the day: Miss Jane Bigheart, an Osage billed as the "prettiest Indian girl in the Southwest"; a quartet of cowboys, Sam Garrett, Tom Brammar, Bill Johnson, and Vester Page, who entertained with a variety of fancy rope tricks—from horseback, standing on their heads, or lying on their backs; Storm Cloud, a colorful Indian chief from South Dakota, whose corps of red men first frightened the Mexicans then enthralled them with hard riding and blood-curdling reenactments of famous Indian battles; and Miss Mabel Miller, the "Queen of the 101 Ranch," who turned out to be the darling of Mexico City.

But the best-known performer of all probably was William Pickett, the "Dusky Demon" from Taylor, Texas. Bill had worked on the J. H. Mundine ranch in Williamson County and played rodeos all over central Texas before he joined the 101 show. The act that caught the attention of the Miller brothers was Bill's own invention, which he called "bulldogging." As described in *Leslie's Weekly* (August 10, 1905), "His programme consists in galloping alongside of a running steer, leaping from his horse, grasping the steer by the horns, bringing it to a standstill, twisting the poor brute's head until he gets the animal's nose so high that he can lean over and grip its upper lip with his teeth, then letting go with his hands and falling backward . . . bringing the steer down on its side with its head twisted half-way around." Bill's bulldogging generally was well received at the big rodeos and greatly admired by the cowhands, who knew what courage it required, although occasionally there was a detractor, such as the same correspondent for *Leslie's Weekly* who saw the little Negro in Arizona. "Pickett is a bull-baiter . . . who outdoes the fiercest dog in utter brutality," he claimed, commenting that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals evidently did not exist in the West.

The 101 Ranch show arrived in Mexico City in December, one day before the celebration of the day of the Virgin of Guadalupe, following a highly successful series of performances in several of the northern cities. The tall, blond hootchy-kootchy girls were a particular popular attraction in the dominantly Indian nation. In San Luis Potosí, in fact, the girls took turns dancing so as to present a continuous show for the appreciative crowds.

Zack Miller led the opening parade down what was probably his favorite parade route, the Paseo de la Reforma—past the Teatro Nacional, the Cathedral, and the National Palace, down San Juan de Letran and Avenida Juárez, and west to the equestrian statue of Carlos IV, "El Caballito." Behind him there marched "a living narrative of the picturesque frontier, told and illustrated by a mile of cowboys,

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DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY WESTERN COLLECTION

Colonel Joseph C. Miller (left) and Zack T. Miller, two brothers with an idea.

cowgirls, bucking horses, Indians, long-horned steers, buffaloes, experts of the lariat, champion marksmen, scouts, trappers, trick riders, vaqueros, prairie schooners, round-up wagons, old stage coaches, and their concomitants."

The Millers placed ads in the newspapers, announcing their "first annual holiday tour," featuring Bill Pickett, who would "discount the deeds of the bravest bullfighters." Joe and Zack Miller had hit upon a plan to arouse the nationalistic zeal of the Mexicans and guarantee capacity crowds—11,639 the first night—at their performances. They dared any Mexican bullfighter to throw a bull the way Pickett did—with his teeth—in one of their regular exhibitions. One courageous *torero,* Bienvenida, answered the challenge but was forced to cancel his act because of pressure from his fellow bullfighters—a proud group, who refused to have their national pastime defiled by one of their number attacking a bull the inhuman way Pickett did.

Instead, they issued a counterchallenge. Let Pickett try to throw a Mexican fighting bull the way he downed the "tame" American steers: Bill Pickett, the "Black Demon," against a bull trained to kill from birth, an animal so fierce that its life had been spared in a previous bullfight because it had humbled the *torero;* American individualism and courage versus the proud *machismo* of the Mexicans. Never one to miss a sure sellout, Joe Miller quickly accepted the challenge. Some insist that he even bet his show against $25,000 in gold, saying that Bill could easily throw the *toro*. Probably Miller was chauvinistic enough to stand by Pickett, but most likely he did not risk his entire company on what was at best an uncertain wager. In fact, Joe himself could not have bet the

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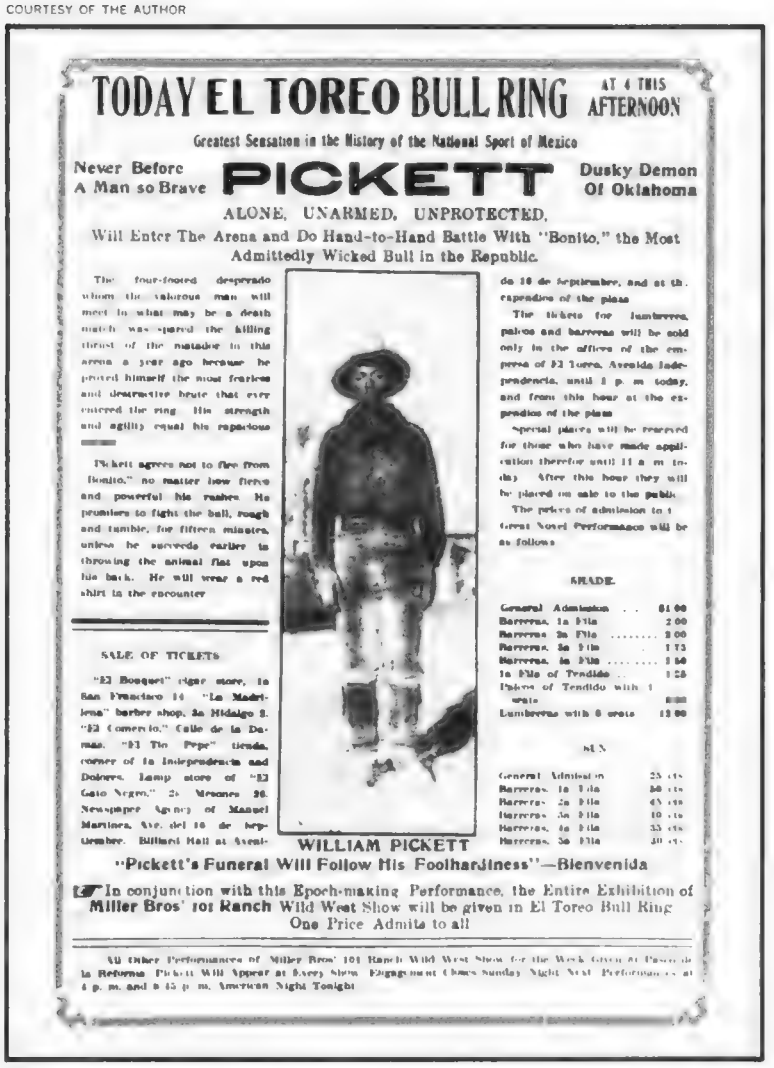

TODAY EL TOREO BULL RING AT 4 THIS AFTERNOON

Greatest Sensation in the History of the National Sport of Mexico

Never Before A Man so Brave **PICKETT** Dusky Demon Of Oklahoma

ALONE, UNARMED, UNPROTECTED,

Will Enter The Arena and Do Hand-to-Hand Battle With "Bonito," the Most Admittedly Wicked Bull in the Republic.

The four-footed desperado whom the valorous man will meet in what may be a death match was spared the killing thirst of the matador in this arena a year ago because he proved himself the most fearless and destructive brute that ever entered the ring. His strength and agility equal his rapacious

Pickett agrees not to flee from "Bonito," no matter how fierce and powerful his rushes. He promises to fight the bull, rough and tumble, for fifteen minutes, unless he succeeds earlier in throwing the animal flat upon his back. He will wear a red shirt in the encounter

SALE OF TICKETS

"El Bouquet" cigar store, 1a San Francisco 14. "La Madrileña" barber shop, 3a Hidalgo 2. "El Comercio," Calle de la Dama. "El Tio Pepe" tienda, corner of 1a Independencia and Dolores. Lamp store of "El Gato Negro," 2a Mercaderes 26. Newspaper Agency of Manuel Martinez, Ave. del 16 de Septiembre. Billiard Hall at Avenida 16 de Septiembre, and at the expendios of the plaza

The tickets for lumbreras, palcos and barreras will be sold only in the offices of the empresa of El Toreo, Avenida Independencia, until 1 p. m. today, and from this hour at the expendios of the plaza

Special places will be reserved for those who have made application therefor until 11 a. m. today. After this hour they will be placed on sale to the public

The prices of admission to the Great Novel Performance will be as follows

SHADE.

General Admission	$1 00
Barreras, 1a Fila	2 00
Barreras 2a Fila	2 00
Barreras, 3a Fila	1 75
Barreras, 4a Fila	1 50
1a Fila of Tendido	1 25
Palcos of Tendido with 4 seats	
Lumbreras with 6 seats	12 00

SUN

General Admission	25 cts
Barreras, 1a Fila	50 cts
Barreras, 2a Fila	45 cts
Barreras, 3a Fila	40 cts
Barreras, 4a Fila	35 cts
Barreras, 5a Fila	30 cts

WILLIAM PICKETT

"Pickett's Funeral Will Follow His Foolhardiness"—Bienvenida

In conjunction with this Epoch-making Performance, the Entire Exhibition of **Miller Bros' 101 Ranch** Wild West Show will be given in El Toreo Bull Ring

One Price Admits to all

All Other Performances of Miller Bros' 101 Ranch Wild West Show for the Week Given at Puente de la Reforma Pickett Will Appear at Every Show. Engagement Closes Sunday Night Next. Performances at 4 p. m. and 8:45 p. m. American Night Tonight

Although promising to be the high point of the 101 show, Pickett's bout with "Bonito" never materialized.

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EDWARD ARLINGTON PRESENTS

— Today —

Paseo de la Reforma

4 P. M.—Two Daily Performances—8.45 P. M.

BEING THE FIRST ANNUAL HOLIDAY TOUR OF THE COWBOYS, COWGIRLS AND INDIANS OF THE MOST FAMOUS RANCH IN THE WORLD, AND COMPOSED SOLELY OF OKLAHOMA'S PRAIRIE FEATURES AND FIGURES.

THE ONLY EXPOSITION OF WESTERN BORDER LIFE OF ITS ORIGINAL KIND AND SCOPE, BY VERY NATURE AND SOURCE IMPOSSIBLE OF DUPLICATION OR IMITATION. A PRODIGIOUS CONSOLIDATION OF THE TWO 101 RANCH SHOWS, ONE OF WHICH PROVED THE TRIUMPHANT FEATURE OF THE JAMESTOWN NATIONAL EXPOSITION, AND THE OTHER FOR TWO MONTHS THE CONCEDED

AMUSEMENT SENSATION OF NEW YORK CITY

Cowboys, Wild West Girls, Vaqueros, Señoritas, Guardias, Rurales, Men and Women Sharpshooters, Champions of the Lariat, Rough Riders, Line Riders, Range Riders, Pony Express Veterans, Pioneers, Trappers, Hunters, Scouts, Heroes and Old Timers of the Wilderness, Explorers, Bullfighters, Steer Throwers and Steer Tiers, Horse Wranglers, Buffaloes, Long-horned Texas Cattle, Bucking Bronchos and Mustangs, Cow-ponies, Paint-ponies and all the other real, actual, genuine, simon-pure denizens of the cow-camp and range, reproducing the Sports, Frolics, Games, Round-ups, Gallantries, Hardships, Perils, Combats, Adventures and Romantic Daily Happenings of their lives. Everything except a Tenderfoot! Indians fresh from Camp-fire and Council, making their first acquaintance with Paleface Civilization. In Fantastic Native Accoutrements and Paint, and exhibiting their War-Dances and other weird Rites and Ceremonies, Pastimes, Savageries, Horsemanship, Bow and Arrow Skill, Methods of Hunting, Trailing, Trapping and Ambushing.

Nothing like it ever seen in Mexico

See Pickett, "The Black Demon," Discount the Deeds of the Bravest Bullfighters.

ENGAGEMENT LIMITED TO FED MORE DAYS.

[illegible] Seats, Grand Stand and Reserved Chairs also on sale during the engagement at Sonora News Co., Calle de Gante 4. Prices: Box Seats, $3. Grand Stand Chairs, $2. Reserved Seats, $1.50. Admission, Preferred, $1. General, 50c.

A bargain at twice the price: "Simon-pure denizens of the cow-camp," "weird Rites," and more!—only four bits.

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The "Dusky Demon" was the show's most valued asset.

whole organization, because he owned only half of it.

The Mexicans boasted that the "undertaker ought to be notified before ["El Peecherino," as they called Pickett] . . . goes into the ring." And Señor Del Rivero spurred the Americans even more by suggesting that they could, perhaps, obtain permission for such an exhibition to use a bull that had "been returned from the ring at some previous bullfight on account of *tameness*." Otherwise, he continued, the officials might deny Pickett permission to face the steer because it would be the "equivalent to murdering him without due notice." No red-blooded cowboy could turn his back on that barb.

Before Miller let the short Negro answer the challenge, he reportedly said to him: "You think you can handle one of them fighting bulls, Bill?"

"Boss," Pickett answered, "they ain't never growed a bull Bill Pickett can't hold with these old hands."

Even the reporters for the *Mexican Herald,* the English-language paper, which had been encouraging the challenge, allowed their concern to show: "The belief prevails that however tricky and strong Peecherino may be in throwing steers, he will never succeed in throwing a fighting bull. . . . He ought not to be allowed to make the attempt because his life

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Pickett chews down a steer. Although the prototype for modern bulldogging, his methods lack dedicated disciples.

is at stake and his failure to throw the bull would simply result in his being gored to death." When the American Ambassador, David E. Thompson, visited the Wild West show, the event assumed an even greater air of international competition, with the pride of the two countries hanging in the balance.

The Miller brothers petitioned the governor of the federal district for permission "to give a special performance at the El Toreo bullring, during which Pickett, the Negro rider of the show, will attempt to throw a Mexican fighting bull." Permission was granted and the Millers bought an ad in the *Mexican Herald:* See the "greatest sensation in the history of the national sport of Mexico," they announced. The Dusky Demon from Oklahoma "will enter the arena and do hand-to-hand battle with 'Bonito,' the most admittedly wicked bull in the Republic." Bonito was not a reject because of tameness: "The four-footed desperado, whom the valorous man will meet in what may be a death match, was spared the killing thrust of the matador in this arena a year ago because he proved himself the most fearless and destructive brute that ever entered the ring. His strength and agility equal his rapacious nature."

Zack Miller feared that this steer might be more than Pickett could handle, and he gave the little bulldogger another chance to back out. But Bill reportedly was just as determined to go through with it.

"Mistah Zack, I ain't a-feared of that little old specklety bull. I'll wrassle that booger, jist like I'se done the others."

So they laid down the rules: Pickett would enter the arena "alone, unarmed, unprotected." He agreed "not to flee from 'Bonito,' no matter how fierce and powerful his rushes. He promise[d] . . . to fight the bull, rough and tumble, for fifteen minutes, unless he succeed[ed] . . . in throwing the animal *flat upon his back*." As if that were not enough to interest the *aficionados,* the rules finally stipulated that the Negro would "wear a red shirt in the encounter."

The Miller brothers did not realize how much importance the Mexicans placed upon obeying the letter of the rules. When some cowboys entered the ring as Pickett was approaching the bull, the spectators protested violently, even though the cowboys only wanted to protect Pickett's life in case he should not be able to elude the deadly horns. To the Mexicans, "alone, unarmed, unprotected" meant just that; safety was not a consideration.

The spectators gathered early on the afternoon of Decem-

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A trick roper shows them how it wasn't done.

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With the plumage of his ancestors, the actor prepares.

ber 23 for the four o'clock performance, including a number of bullfighters carrying a wooden coffin inscribed, "El Peecherino." All the seats—in both the *sol* and the *sombra*—were full hours before the show began. Even with admission charges of from thirty centavos to two pesos, the gate receipts amounted to more than 22,000 pesos.

Although Pickett and Bonito were the spectacle of this Wild West show, Joe and Zack intended to give the customers their money's worth by presenting the entire exhibition, with Pickett's challenge as the grand event. The performance began as usual, but the Mexicans started calling for El Peecherino. Their hostility increased when the Miller brothers displayed a sign announcing that the governor of the federal district at the last moment had revoked permission for Pickett to fight Bonito and that another bull had been substituted. They "hooted and yelled during all the rest of the performance, paying absolutely no attention to other features of the show and yelling during each momentary intermission for the man and the bull." By the time Pickett entered the arena, the crowd was in a nasty mood.

Zack turned to his brother, as he later recalled, and said, "We just as well call this all off and let them have it, Joe." Joe agreed. He rode into the center of the arena and announced the main event. "There was silence for a few moments. Then Pickett, mounted on a good western pony, entered. He was greeted with whistling. Then the bull came in with a snort and a rush." He was a good one, even if he was not Bonito. The cowboys in the ring had to fire blank pistols into his face to keep him from goring their horses.

Pickett could not grab this bull the way he had the steers, because this beast charged directly at him, whereas the others had run away, allowing him to ride up from behind and drop onto their necks. After several fruitless attempts, Bill rode over to where Joe anxiously watched. "I'se got to have me another hoss. I'se got to let that bull kill a hoss befo' I kin git my hands on him." Pickett was riding his favorite horse, Spraddly, and he did not want to get him killed. But Miller gave Bill permission to sacrifice Spraddly if necessary.

Returning to the center of the ring, Pickett then "rode straight at the wildly charging bull and caught it by the horns." Spraddly was gored, and the bull was bathed in blood, hindering Bill's grip on his horns. The hostile crowd vented its anger by hurling "missiles of all kinds" at the struggling Negro, causing him to try a desperate measure. He "flung himself between the bull's horns," wrote the reporter for the *Herald;* "it was providence and not skill that he lived another moment. He caught the bull in a second, and while being tossed from right to left in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of the onlookers that he would not live another moment, he managed to fasten his hold so that the bull finally stopped.

"For a few seconds the bull would remain still and then shake his antagonist like a servant does the tablecloth. The

AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Essential to any Wild West show, Indians were a 101 staple. The celebrated Jane Bigheart, and a more prosaic group.

wound in Pickett's cheek, which resulted from a struggle with a steer several nights ago, was opened. He could have put his tongue through it. The blood streamed from his face."

El Peecherino had the bull. He might throw it. Men nurtured in the cult of *machismo* struck out to protect one of their most obvious symbols of manliness: the stands quickly were emptied of almost every throwable object—cushions, bottles, fruit, bricks—again vividly demonstrating their hostility to the man who had denigrated the image of the matador. The most painful injury that Pickett suffered was a broken rib. Someone had tossed a partially filled beer bottle at him, cutting his side and causing him to bleed profusely for the remainder of the fight.

Bill Pickett did not throw the bull, but he did stay in the ring for the fifteen minutes that the Miller brothers had advertised. Indeed, he spent seven and one-half of those minutes clinging vainly to the bull's neck.

"If I had ever gotten the kind of a hold I usually get," he later lamented to reporters, "I would have stayed with that bull until it starved to death, if I had been unable to throw it before."

The onlookers were infuriated. They resented the "conceitedness of a bunch of foreigners who dared to overshadow the sport of bullfighting." Several of them charged the 101 Ranch performers, forcing the El Toreo officials to call in the *Rurales*. Even in their anger the most avid *aficionados* could not deny the bravery of Pickett. "The general comment outside the ring . . . was favorable," reported the *Herald*, "and many of the most boisterous kickers acknowledged that they had been unjust in their attitude, which they themselves classed as too extreme and extravagant."

The 101 Wild West spent several more days in Mexico City, but these were quiet in comparison. Their showground was ringed each day with a group of *Rurales*, just to insure that no further riot would occur. Zack Miller later recalled that all the performers sighed with relief when they crossed the Rio Grande on their way home.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

All of the material for this article, including the quotes, was taken from the sources mentioned below. In a rather fictionalized account with obvious errors but excellent background, Fred Gipson's *Fabulous Empire: Col. Zack Miller's Story* (Boston, 1946), gives most of the conversation between Joe and Zack and Pickett. By far the most reliable source is the *Mexican Herald*, December 12, 15, 19, 21, 23, and 24, 1908, containing detailed accounts of the events leading up to the incident, plus a splendid description of it. Other material on the 101 and Bill Pickett can be found in the *Mexican Herald*, December 8, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 30, 1908; in John Dicks Howe, "A Cowboy Carnival in Wyoming," *Harper's Weekly*, XLVIII (October 8, 1904), 1540–41; and in Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England, *The 101 Ranch* (Norman, 1937). Also see "The Rage for Brutal Sports," *Leslie's Weekly*, August 10, 1905, p. 143.

Ronnie C. Tyler *is curator of history at the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas.*

A Matter of Opinion

John P. Clum—A Personal Remembrance

The article "John P. Clum: The Inside Story of an Inimitable Westerner" was published in the January 1972 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. *The following letter is written by one who knew, and remembers, John Philip Clum.*

TO THE EDITOR:

I would like to add a note of personal appreciation for the article on John P. Clum by his granddaughter, Marjorie Clum Parker, which appeared in the January 1972 number of THE AMERICAN WEST. I had the privilege of knowing John Clum during the early '20s when I was in Agricultural Extension Service in Los Angeles County. Clum lived on a small citrus and chicken ranch in San Dimas, where I also lived during part of that period. We became well acquainted and I heard from his own lips many of the experiences of his early days in the Southwest as well as in Alaska and in college, where he played in the first intercollegiate football game. He certainly was always on the frontier, and one of the most lovable characters it has been my privilege to know.

The only other account about his activities that I've ever read appeared in *Arizona Highways* some years ago—other than, of course, his biography *Apache Agent*. I also have a number of documents that his second wife, Florence Clum, who was living in San Dimas also at the time, loaned me for copying after his death. She was then living in a retirement home in Hollywood. John P. was always young in heart and always looking forward as well as on his own colorful career. On his eightieth birthday he drove over to Pasadena to pick up Mrs. Ryerson and take her back for his birthday party. I was in the USDA Service at that time, and in Washington, so I missed it.

The party was quite an affair apparently, for there were telegrams, letters from governors throughout the Southwest, and other high officials; he hugely enjoyed bringing out his old scrapbook with the clippings from papers at the time he was appointed a twenty-five-year-old Apache agent, and when governors of territories, military officials, and others predicted wholesale slaughter of white people throughout the country by Apaches.

I have two pictures of John P. hanging here in my study. One, at about the time of his stay in San Dimas; the other, standing on one of the rocks of the foundation of his San Carlos office on the reservation taken at the time of his last visit there not long before his death, and just before the area was to be submerged by the San Carlos Dam. At this time the old chiefs and old Apaches of his own vintage, who were members of his peace force or in other tribal occupations, came in from the hills and the brush country for one last roundup. They all knew it would be the last. Harry Carr, of the *Los Angeles Times*, who drove over with him for this last roundup, describes it in his introduction to *Apache Agent*, the biography which John never lived to finish, but which was completed by his son.

When Walt Disney started some of his films about historical characters, among the first was one about the Civil War experience of our Methodist minister out in Banning, California, at the turn of the century. He was a member of the Yankee raiding party that seized a Confederate locomotive and went on a burning spree with destruction of bridges, telegraph lines, and so on through the South. I suggested to Walt Disney that if he continued this type of production he ought to look into the story of John P. Clum, which he said he would do and was glad to know about him. Hardly a month had passed before one of the other film companies came out with Audy Murphy's film, *Walk the Proud Earth*, which was built around John Clum's capture of Geronimo with his Apache police, long before the army had a series of captures and escapes. The film left much to be desired and was built around this one incident. I felt it was overdone on the Geronimo side.

But the film really didn't portray the other fabulous career John P. had as mayor of Tombstone, Arizona, and founder and editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, a newspaper that is still in existence. He was an eyewitness to the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral, and set up the first weather station in Santa Fe, New Mexico. His account of his going out there as a young college graduate riding the stagecoach, holding his derby hat in one hand and a mercury barometer upright in the other, is in itself a great yarn. I count it as one of my greatest privileges to have known him. He was a great companion, colorful, but unobtrusive, and I never saw him once in high boots and a ten gallon hat.

Knowles A. Ryerson
Dean Emeritus
College of Agricultural Sciences
University of California, Berkeley

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

The Kansa Indians

REVIEWED BY JAMES T. KING

IN SUCH AUTHORS as George Bird Grinnell, George E. Hyde, and Lewis H. Morgan, the major and most powerful American Indian nations have long since had their white chroniclers. Recently, however, there has been growing interest in smaller tribes that were neither numerous enough nor strong enough to impose themselves on national consciousness. The Kansa Indians fall into the latter category, and now William E. Unrau, in *The Kansa Indians,* has become their chronicler.

The Kansa Indians: A History of the Wind People, 1673–1873 by William E. Unrau *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 244 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $8.95.)*

The story of the Kansas parallels in a broad way the experiences of similar tribes as they made contact with the white man and attempted to work out their destinies. Particularly evident in this book is the impact of the fur trade upon traditional tribal politics and customs; no less apparent is the failure of the government to understand and to compensate for the tremendous changes wrought by its own policy in the Kansa way of life. Add to these factors the activities of land speculators, burgeoning railroads, and land-hungry settlers, and the background for the story of the Kansa is set.

Unrau examines tribal legends and traditions to trace the origins of the Kansa culture to a single Indian nation, located in "an undefined area east of the Mississippi River" and made up of the people who separated before the mid–sixteenth century into the Kansas, Quapaws, Omahas, Osages, and Poncas. Balancing tradition and archaeological evidence with French and Spanish records, the author suggests several routes of migration that could have brought the Wind People to the Kansas River valley, where they were encountered by whites early in the eighteenth century.

Bringing his narrative into the historical period, Professor Unrau presents a careful and detailed outline of the Kansa way of life. A handsome, vigorous, and proud people, the Kansas—beset by wars with neighboring groups and by periodic outbreaks of disease—rarely numbered more than fifteen hundred and could not advance beyond a survival culture. Their religion bore strong similarities to those of the other Dhegiha Siouan peoples (the Poncas in particular), which might lead some to quibble with Unrau's assertion that the Kansas were probably more "polytheist than monotheist," although the matter is admittedly problematical. As was characteristic of most of the Plains tribes, political leadership among the Kansas traditionally was earned by "wisdom, bravery, and distinguished acts."

The Kansas' first contact with the whites came with the expansion of the fur trade. For the next century, the fur trade and its attendant international rivalries exerted a heavy influence on the destiny of the Wind People. For a time the Kansas attempted to play off the contending European nations against each other, but the long-term impact of the trading frontiers was an "economic revolution that was threatening the very existence of traditional Kansa society."

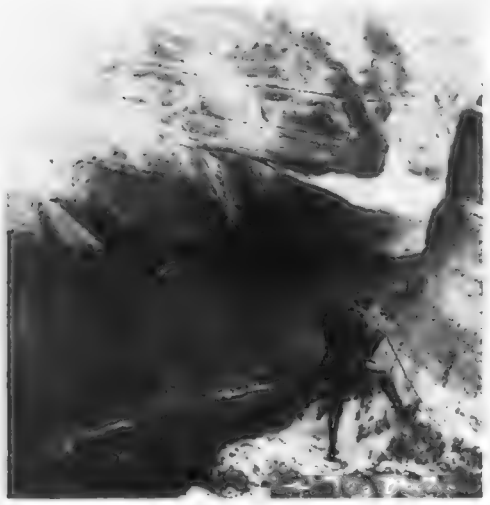
From this point, judiciously and without sentimentality, Professor Unrau traces the gradual decline of the Kansa culture, economy, and political structure —a process that gathered momentum after the American Revolution. The new national government attempted for a time to impose a system that would regulate the fur trade and guarantee fair treatment of Indian suppliers, but it never really worked properly, and the Kansas' trading activities fell into increasing disorder. By the end of the War of 1812, white population had begun to press upon the Kansa domain. In 1825, the Kansas agreed to the first of several treaties that gradually reduced their territory and were designed to coax them into a more sedentary life. Its provisions were similar to those of other treaties signed at various times with other tribes on the fringes of white settlement—the establishment of a reservation and the promise of annuities, gifts, and supplies for establishing an agricultural economy.

To encourage the civilization (which assumed a conversion to Christianity) of the Kansas, the treaty included a provision for the sale of a portion of tribal lands in order to finance educational activities on the reservation. The Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists each attempted to establish mission schools over the next two decades, but the Kansas remained reluctant to adopt the elements of white civilization.

Two more treaties—one in 1846 and another in 1859—further reduced Kansa lands, and it appeared that the Kansas were at last willing to accede to white society's notions of education and agriculture. Even this submission, however, failed to halt the activities of squatters and land speculators. Ultimately, as railroad construction crews pushed through Kansa fences and crops, the Wind People in 1873 were persuaded to move to Indian Territory. "As a powerless minority in an increasingly more complex world," Unrau observes, the Kansas were now "inextricably committed to the white man's way of life."

The Kansa Indians is thoroughly researched and well written. A few minor errors in tangential matters (Philip St. George Cooke, for example, is identified as "George Cooke") do not detract from the overall soundness of the work. The illustrations are well chosen and beautifully reproduced. The book is a worthy addition to the University of Oklahoma Press' distinguished series on the Civilization of the American Indian.

James T. King, *professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, River Falls, is the author of* War Eagle: A Life of General Eugene A. Carr *and several articles bearing on Indian policy. He is a member of the council of the Western History Association.*



Gleason in British Columbia, July 6, 1905

The Western Wilderness of North America

Photographs by *H. W. Gleason*. Text by *George Crossette*. Foreword by *Stewart L. Udall*. "H. W. Gleason (in the early 20th century)... climbed, hiked and lived in the wilderness of western North America, all the time making photographs having the quality and beauty equalling the work of today's finest photographers with their superior equipment." *From the Foreword.*

Areas photographed include: Arizona, California, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, Washington and British Columbia. 108 pp.; 72 ill.; (9 x 11⅛); $14.95.

Red Cloud, 1905

In a Sacred Manner We Live

Photographs of the North American Indian (1905–1930) by *Edward S. Curtis*. Text by *Don D. Fowler*. "These Curtis photographs represent another important step in the historical education of the American people. A part of our past leaps out at us in these pictures and although it is a bitter and solemn part, there is much to be learned from it." *Frederick W. Turner* III, Editor of *Geronimo* and *An American Indian Reader*. 172 pp.; 118 ill.; (8½ x 11); $15.00.

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Enterprise Denied

REVIEWED BY FRANCIS D. HAINES, JR.

Enterprise Denied: Origins of the Decline of American Railroads, 1897–1917 by Albro Martin *(Columbia University, New York, 1971; 402 pp., charts, biblio., appen., index, $10.95).*

THE TRANSFORMATION of the American railroads from the healthy giant of American transportation to the feeble failure of 1918 and the long, wasting illness since then has usually been shrugged off by American historians as an illustration of the fate of the unfit in a darwinistic world. Professor Martin asserts that the railroads were destroyed and that the villain was ignorance and a firm insistence on clinging to the past rather than identifying and facing the problems of the present.

The book is based on two solid premises. The first is that the American market demanded a transportation system that functioned nationally. The second is that the greatly increased volume of traffic during the first two decades of the twentieth century required a complete rebuilding of the railroads, which included not only re-routing of lines but multi-tracking and continued technological improvement.

Complicating the picture was a sharply rising price level, after more than two decades of price stability. The railroads met the problem of increased capital investment from 1897 to 1907 by improved efficiency through technological improvements and a profit level that enabled them to reinvest profits. During the period of 1907 to 1917, increases of cost wiped out profits, discouraging the attraction of venture capital to finance improvements.

The refusal of the ICC to permit rate increases to meet rising operating costs after 1907 erased railroad profits and consequently the investment necessary to meet increased traffic. The activities of state regulatory agencies, unchecked by Congress, further hampered and weakened the railroads. Prevention of pooling agreements and insistence on competition kept the roads from making most efficient use of existing facilities and preserved weak lines, which weakened the industry.

In making his case, Professor Martin places blame on the poor public relations of the roads but ignores the fact that the managers of the lines seem more the captives of events than the masters of their own destiny in development. He also fails to answer the chief charge of the government in the Northern Securities case, that 40 percent of the issue was water. He also places more faith in the fairness of management in keeping rates at a reasonable level, if unchecked, than most of us would.

All the same, this is an exciting and thought-provoking book. It will produce anguish and outrage, but it cannot be ignored as a solid and realistic presentation of American railroad history.

Francis D. Haines, Jr., *professor of history at Southern Oregon College, is author of four books on Northwest history and numerous articles, including several on the railroads.*

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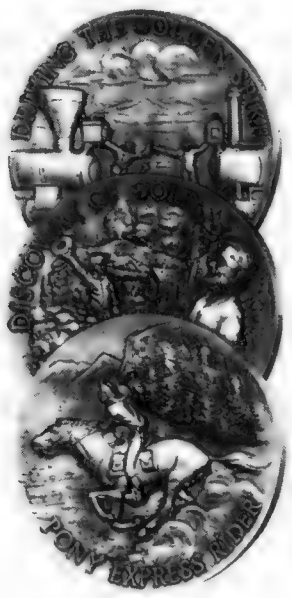

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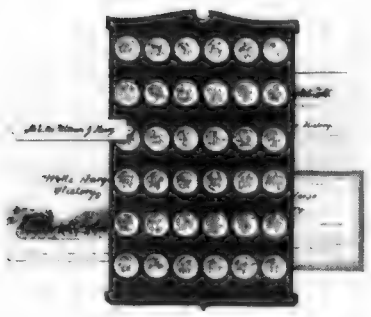

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Sacajawea by Harold P. Howard *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 218 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $4.95).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN R. MILTON

MR. HOWARD has brought together, economically and usefully, some of the main details of the Lewis and Clark expedition and those recorded incidents that involved the young Shoshoni woman Sacajawea. While it is his apparent purpose to emphasize the role of the woman, the major part of the small book simply retells, in a highly condensed way, the journey itself, as taken from the journals. He also locates through modern directions a number of the places where important incidents occurred. To this extent, then, Howard has provided a quick vehicle for getting into the journey and the lengthy records left by Lewis and Clark, and as such the book could be recommended to school children.

A purist might object to the title, *Sacajawea,* on the grounds of distribution of emphasis throughout the first twenty-one chapters. The center of attention is generally on the commanders of the expedition, and relatively few matters touch Sacajawea. She takes part in occasional interpreting, often being but one link in a chain of interpreters; she seems to spend a great deal of time in finding *roots* and herbs for food and medicine; and while she confirms a number of decisions concerning *routes,* on only one occasion does she seem to be the major influence. Since the expedition employed interpreters, and since her one obvious intervention in choice of *routes* occurred on the return trip and meant little except a slight saving of time, it would seem that her foremost claim to distinction was the gathering of *roots.*

Underlying the factual information, however, is the constant feeling that the mere presence of Sacajawea helped the expedition in many ways. It is likely that a young woman with a baby promoted the idea of a peaceful expedition, thereby deterring at least one group of Indians from attacking. It is likely that Lewis and Clark would have had more trouble getting horses from the western Indians if Sacajawea had not been sister to Cameahwait, Shoshoni chief. It is also likely that the presence of a young mother influenced the behavior of the members of the expedition, perhaps serving as a constraint when, on several occasions, other Indian women were available.

It is in the last three chapters that Howard gets into what most readers will consider the heart of the book: an examination of the various documents that indicate the fates of Toussaint Charbonneau, his woman, Sacajawea, and their son, Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, sometimes called Pomp. The Canadian trapper Charbonneau, despised by some, almost admired by others, lived to an advanced age, participating in many expeditions of various sizes, taking several more Indian "wives" during the thirty years or so between the journey and his death.

Jean Baptiste was taken to Europe by Prince Paul of Wurttemberg, educated, taught several languages, and returned to the American West in 1829. His name appears in a wide range of journals during the next several decades, where more often than not he is referred to as the outstanding man on the plains or in the mountains. He died in Oregon in 1866.

Of Sacajawea there is some controversy. Shoshoni tradition has it that she lived to be almost one hundred years old. Following this assumption, Grace Hebard in her 1932 book on Sacajawea determined that the guide, root-gatherer, and interpreter for Lewis and Clark was buried in Wyoming. Howard disagrees, using evidence largely from the expedition journals and from slightly later accounts by Henry Brackenridge and John Luttig to show that Sacajawea probably died in her twenties at Fort Manuel, South Dakota, and was buried there.

Although the evidence in each of these cases — Sacajawea, Charbonneau, and their son—is presented briefly and concisely, it is the best evidence available.

Whatever the case, it is fairly certain that Sacajawea was a brave, knowledgeable, compassionate, helpful young woman who, although not strictly-speaking a guide or heroic figure, did much to make the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804–1806 sufferable.

John R. Milton *is author and editor of several works of American Indian culture and literature. He is professor of western American literature at the University of South Dakota, and is editor of the* South Dakota Review.

The Winning of the Midwest: Social and Political Conflict, 1888–1896 by Richard J. Jensen *(University of Chicago, Chicago, 1971; 357 pp., preface, tables, appen., footnotes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY HOMER E. SOCOLOFSKY

THE ABILITY TO INTERPRET stastical data with the use of high-speed data processing equipment is rare among historians. Even scarcer in this specialty is the author who possesses a fine literary style. Fortunately for the reader of this book Professor Richard Jensen of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle writes for a reading audience. Only rarely does his style bog down in the statistical material which he interprets, and except for an occasional pattern of telling the reader what is coming in each chapter the writing quality is superb.

The "Midwest" in this study is composed of the old Northwest states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, plus Iowa. The analysis of the elections from 1888 through 1896 was picked on the grounds that during these years the pattern of political campaigns changed drastically. Earlier there was the old-style military sloganizing campaign appealing to emotion and party regularity. By 1896 the political parties had replaced the old-fashioned street parade and expressions of the political opposition as the enemy.

The author asserts that Populists were far less significant in the Midwest than Prohibitionists and that Populists were also less numerous. Also he analyzes the hate campaign of the secret, anti-Catholic APA in the Midwest. On the whole he finds slight influence on the political outcome. Jensen believes the APA strength at the polls was almost inversely proportional to their announced membership, which he suggests was grossly exaggerated.

Interesting hypotheses are projected in this monograph. It should be required reading for all those interested in late nineteenth-century American history. It will stimulate discussion and perhaps lead to further examination of voting patterns in other parts of the U.S.

Homer E. Socolofsky *is professor of history at Kansas State University, Manhattan.*

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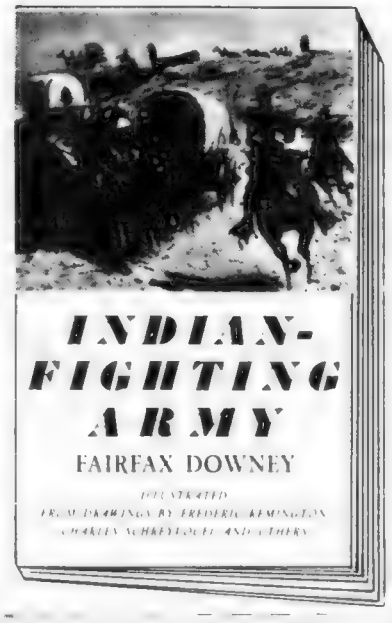

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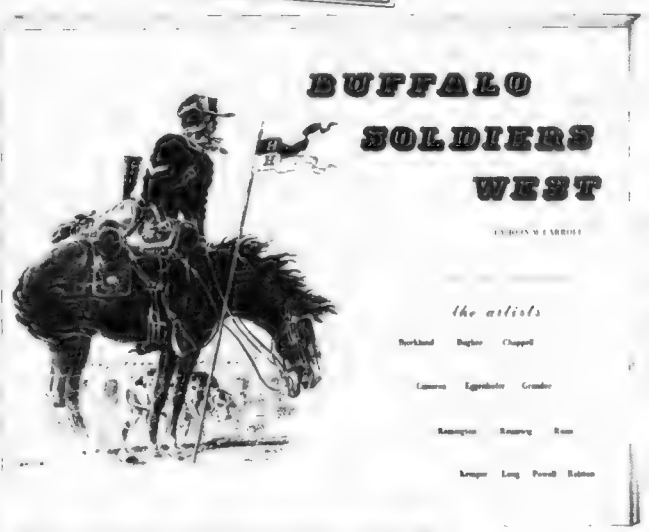

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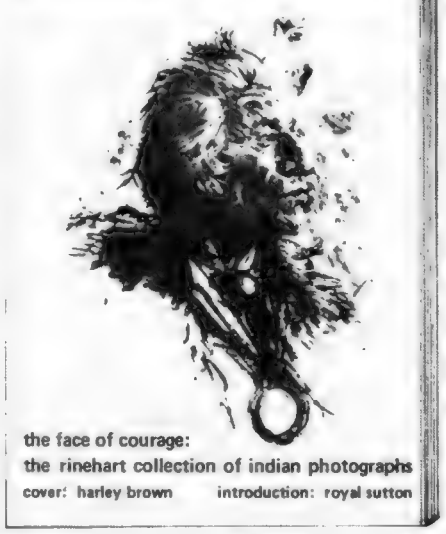

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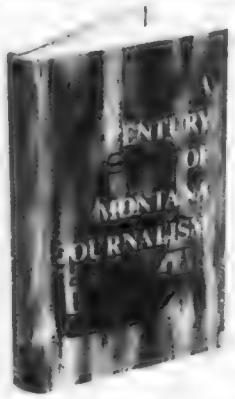

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Colonel Morgan Jones: Grand Old Man of Texas Railroading by Vernon Gladden Spence *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 240 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

Arthur E. Stilwell: Promoter with a Hunch by Keith L. Bryant, Jr. *(Vanderbilt University, Nashville, 1971; 256 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM S. MURPHY

THE BUILDING of the transcontinental rail network, which contributed more to the development of the Far West than any other factor, has for years dominated the history of railroading in the United States. The story of the Central Pacific's Chinese coolies patiently digging and blasting their way across California's Sierra Nevada toward their historic rendezvous with Union Pacific at Promontory, Utah, has been retold many times, and to a point where the accomplishments of Collis Huntington and his partners, who founded the company later to be called Southern Pacific, far overshadowed the efforts of others: the builders of rail networks that crisscrossed the western states, bringing successive migratory waves into regions that had been wilderness.

Colonel Morgan Jones, the subject of Vernon Gladden Spence's biography, was such a man. A native of Wales who had learned railroad construction in England, he would be responsible for building more railroads through Texas than any other man.

So important was it to the economy of any area touched by the railroad that when Jones was completing a line into Fort Worth in 1876, businessmen, farmers, and ranchers rushed to his aid with picks and shovels. "No able bodied man dared to stand on the streets at the end of a working day. Clerks, salesmen, bartenders, doctors, lawyers, joined the crusade with Jones."

Jones's crowning achievement was building a route from Fort Worth to the Rocky Mountains; its terminus, Denver. He also anticipated the growth of the cattle industry in Texas during the late 1870s and laid the rails through the grazing lands, where cars could easily gather livestock for shipment to distant packers. When farmers gradually dislodged cattlemen, as the rangelands diminished, it would be Jones's railroad that would convey their products to the East.

Arthur E. Stilwell, the subject of Keith L. Bryant, Jr.'s, study came on the scene near the close of the railroad building era. Between 1886 and 1912, he was responsible for building a network of 2,300 miles of railway.

Stilwell's most ambitious project was the construction of a route that ran from Kansas City, across Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, to Port Arthur, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. The purpose of the road was to provide the farmers who shipped their grain over its route with a seaport gateway to the world's markets.

Unlike Colonel Jones, Stilwell knew little about railroad construction; he left that task to others. His knowledge was principally in the field of high finance where he had a faculty for raising and making money for himself and his backers. As Bryant points out, from the beginning of the railroad era the officers of transportation companies were cognizant of the profits in land speculation. Wherever Stilwell's rails were to be set down, his agents bought up all the available land. Townsites were laid out, promoted, and sold by his subsidiary companies at a tremendous profit. It was similar to the practice followed by Collis Huntington and his Southern Pacific throughout California.

As historical records of the development of the railroads they depict, both books are well documented—indeed, often to a point that they become as tedious as timetables.

As absorbing biographies, they fall short, primarily because both subjects were dull men—Jones in particular. Stilwell, while portrayed as flamboyant and debonair, nevertheless emerges as a Horatio Alger hero, who came up the hard way from near poverty to riches. That he could remain untainted while surrounded by knaves is commendable, but his life would have been far more interesting to read about if he had been a more controversial figure—a man, say, like Collis Huntington.

William S. Murphy, *staff writer and book critic for the Los Angeles* Times, *is author of several books and articles on the West.*

Edward Borein's "Buckskin and Feathers" (1922).

The Etchings of Edward Borein, A Catalogue of His Work by John Galvin, with Warren R. Howell and Harold G. Davidson *(John Howell Books, San Francisco, 1971; 318 plates, intro., illus., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY DONALD E. BOWER

SOME WHO PERUSE this handsome volume of etchings may be frustrated by the lack of more information concerning artist Edward Borein, and the lack of a table of contents and folio numbers. These shortcomings fade away as the more than three hundred warm, sensitive, and authentic etchings are revealed, an unadorned panorama of the frontier West.

Publishers frequently advertise their works as "definitive" and "comprehensive," but seldom does the product measure up to these all-encompassing adjectives. In this case, however, we have a truly definitive volume, containing all known prints of Borein's etchings and dry-point work, including thirty-four previously unpublished plates.

Borein, born in 1873, lived and worked in the shadow of such well-known contemporaries as Russell and Remington, and was perhaps influenced by the earlier western artists: Bodmer, Catlin, Abert, and Audubon. He was, in compiler John Galvin's words, "the perfect artist of the American West. . . . Borein lived his artistic life, working first as a cowboy on cattle ranches, doing a true day's work as a skilled cowpuncher."

Not only was Borein a prolific artist, he also had broad knowledge and experience in various facets of the West, as indicated by the subject headings in Galvin's catalogue of his works: Cowboys, Bucking Horses, On the Range, Moving Around (Stagecoaches, Emigrant Trains, etc.), Indians, the Southwest, Pueblos, Missions, and a catch-all category, Here and There (from Gathering Cactus Fruit in Sonora to Conquistadores Entering California). But every man has his specialty, and "It is in his portrayal of a Western man on a horse," writes Galvin, "as a part of man's ability to live his own particular way of life, in his chosen but often hostile environment, that he is truly superb."

It is not, therefore, mere coincidence that the volume's first section is devoted to cowboys and, more specifically, to cowboys in their most familiar attitude —on horseback. These drawings, compared with Russell, have a simplicity and delicacy of detail seldom found in the frequently boisterous paintings of the Old West. As the Cobb Galleries in Boston commented on the occasion of a Borein exhibit: "He has caught something in his quickly etched lines . . . that elaborately equipped and daring colorists have failed to capture. But the more important thing is that in his absolute sincerity, in his obvious lack of self-consciousness, he has struck a deeper note than many long and well trained artists . . . he is like a spring of clear water in his own wide plains."

Certainly, this is a volume to be enjoyed by anyone who loves the West, particularly the graphic representation of the early frontier. But it is also a volume to be treasured by those who appreciate finely printed books. This king-size book, 9x12½ inches, is beautifully bound in brown linen and stamped in gold, with the line etchings superbly printed on a heavy, laid stock.

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Donald E. Bower *is editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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Big Brother's Indian Programs—With Reservations by Sar A. Levitan and Barbara Hetrick *(McGraw-Hill, New York, 1971; 288 pp., illus., charts, notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY JACK BURROWS

THERE IS A beguiling whimsy to the title of this latest study of the American Indian, but this is not a whimsical book. Indeed, one quickly develops the conviction that authors Levitan and Hetrick have just emerged from dedicated immurement among government documents charged with apocalyptic portent and have relentlessly, even compulsively, resolved to commit every statistic, fact, figure, percentage, and name of bureau to print. This they do, including thirty-four statistical tables, with a grim efficiency that falls just short of a reservation privy count.

We are told that a 1967 study of the Flathead Indian Reservation timber resources by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) "found that its production could be increased . . . from 26,566 million board feet (1965) to 50,170 MBF (1966), 60,000 MBF within the next few years and eventually 80,000–95,000 MBF." Table 21 offers production figures, timber quality, employment, and stumpage receipts. We learn that "the BIA employs 219 . . . social workers [whose] average caseload is 140, ranging from 41 . . . for the Shawnees in Oklahoma to 281 [at] the Standing Rock Agency in North Dakota." We learn also that "Navajo women chose the IUD over all other [contraceptive] devices by a ratio of 2 to 1." Medicine men frown on the pill.

And so it goes, page after overwhelming page. Nowhere is the flesh-and-blood Indian permitted to appear. He is done in by statistics, he whose courage and monolithic self-possession, as he struggles for survival in two worlds, could have been revealed in a few carefully selected case studies, those cases of human interest that warm cold statistics and make them matter. But all we have about humanity is a scattering of unspectacular photographs captioned by well-known Indian quotations.

This is not a book for the lay reader, who will be off chasing stereotypes by the end of the first chapter. Nor is it helpful, as the dust jacket proclaims, to put "all major federal efforts" together "in a text free of technical jargon." The book is still sterile and—especially unforgivable in this type of book—often redundant. In a real sense it is not even a book for the scholar. There are no fresh and penetrating insights, only fresh statistics. There is a theme, at once perfunctory and common to all American historians: Indians should be given self-determination.

The book ends on a note of uncertainty, for which the two authors cannot be faulted. "The goal of Indian self-determination," they conclude, "should be the withering away of 'special' federal programs. But the independence of Indian reservations will have to await the development of the needed infrastructure which would make it possible for Indian communities to . . . support their own institutions as other parts of the United States are doing. Paradoxically, if Indians living on reservations are . . . to be discontinued as 'wards of the state,' increased federal aid is necessary to . . . develop their economic base and social institutions. But . . . help must be accompanied by . . . emphasis upon democratic control over these developing institutions, and the aid, . . . in line with diverse Indian needs and values may not . . . be kosher for white society."

An obvious intent of the book is the revelation of burgeoning bureaucracies whose functions almost invariably are at cross-purposes with the Indian, the long-suffering victim. But the authors are scrupulously fair. The BIA, by oral tradition the whipping boy of both Indian and white militants, by no means comes off as all villain. And the federal government, often accused of genocide and still bearing the guilt of Wounded Knee, has frequently been profligate in its financial support of Indian programs.

One is left, though, with the conclusion that this is a source book; otherwise there is no justification for the formidable array of statistics. Anyone reaching for a quick statistic can find it here, though footnotes leading directly to documents and placed at the end of each chapter would have been helpful. The average reader, however—as the authors have suggested—should approach this book "with reservations."

Jack Burrows *is a history instructor at San Jose City College, California.*

The First 100 Years: A History of the Salt Lake Tribune 1871–1971 by O. N. Malmquist *(Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, 1971; 454 pp., preface, illus., notes, index, $8.00).*

REVIEWED BY GUSTIVE O. LARSON

IN HIS *The First 100 Years,* O. N. Malmquist, veteran political news reporter and editor, tells the story of the *Salt Lake Tribune* as it played its role in the making of an American state and continued to identify with its progress in the twentieth century. The "Utah War" of 1857–58 had dispelled any doubt about federal sovereignty over Utah territory, but it had failed to dislodge the Mormons from absolute control of local government or to break the Saints' economic monopoly; nor had it strengthened the federal courts in the territory for successful attack on the practice of polygamy. The Gentile (non-Mormon) minority found itself without recognition in the territory except through the federal officers appointed by the president. This one advantage they fought to retain through a half century in which the Mormons petitioned repeatedly for statehood.

A break in the solid front of Mormondom, known as the "New Movement," appeared in the late 1860s. A group of prominent business and professional men dubbed "Godbeites" challenged Brigham Young's monopolistic economic policies and were promptly excommunicated from the church. Failing to achieve their objectives through publication of the *Mormon Tribune,* the excommunicates joined with aggressive Gentiles who added church political domination as a second point of attack and changed the name of the publication to the *Salt Lake Tribune.*

From this point, when the first issue of the *Tribune* appeared on April 15, 1871, author Malmquist proceeds to recount how the publication became the voice of the Gentile minority and the Liberal party, as its members fought for a place in Utah's political sun. From unstable financial beginnings and less than creditable editorship in the 1870s, the *Tribune* emerged under able management and editorial strength in the 1880s to do battle with the Mormon *Deseret News* and the *Salt Lake Herald*

Continued on page 61

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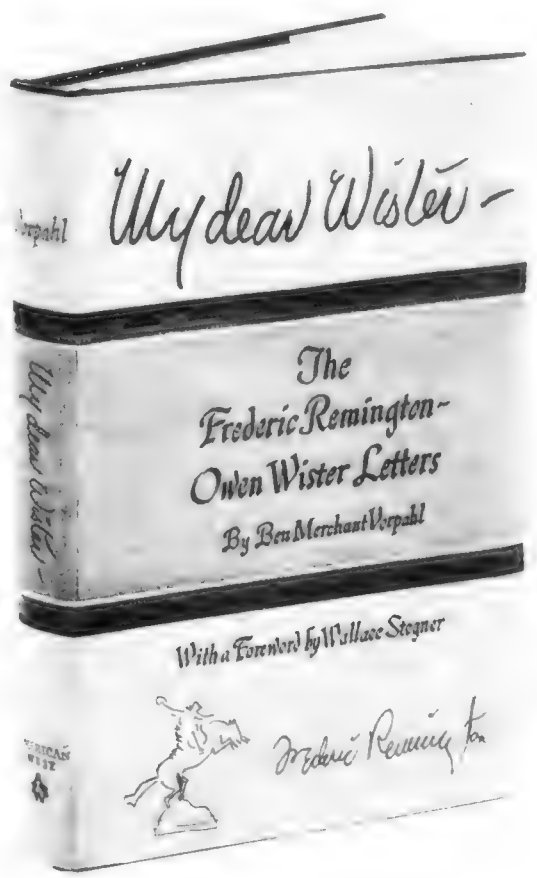

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The Ballyhoo Bonanza: Charles Sweeny and the Idaho Mines by John Fahey *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1971; 288 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD DILLON

MORE THAN a dozen years ago Dr. Clarence F. McIntosh of the history department of Chico State College issued a call for readers, writers, and reviewers to find a genuine distinction between local history and *localized* history; and for researchers and writers to make a conscious shift of emphasis from the former to the latter. His appeal appeared in *The Pacific Historian,* published by the University of the Pacific. Perhaps John Fahey, of Eastern Washington State College, was aware of McIntosh's call to action when he began to write *Ballyhoo Bonanza,* for he has attempted to make this changeover.

Fahey's new book is about the Coeur d'Alene gold mines of Idaho around 1884–1910 and the seemingly unrelated real estate booms in Portland and Spokane during the same period. The two apparently disparate elements of the book are linked, however, by the chief protagonist of Fahey's story, an enterprising Irishman, Charles Sweeny, who proved to be a catalytic agent.

It is fairly easy to write local history, certainly if the factors of importance and interest are waived. When the goal of the writer is merely setting the record straight, telling a tale, preserving local color for nostalgia's sake, the task is not too difficult.

Localized history—making the story bigger than its locality—is difficult, and John Fahey's book is only partially successful here. But the author has accomplished a great deal in filling in gaps in Pacific Northwest regional history while developing his theme that Sweeny was typical of the frontier opportunists, the wheeler-dealers who had a big hand in developing the American West. Bewitched by the idea of mineral wealth, Sweeny left the city (Portland) and business for promotion and speculation—and litigation—in mines like the Last Chance of Idaho's Panhandle. He hit Eagle City with Wyatt Earp and soon became an expert at encircling and undercutting established mines like the famed Bunker Hill.

A try at politics aborted, but he moved back into urban life (1896–1906) to buy up properties in the heart of Portland and Spokane, ousting from the latter city such truly absentee landlords as the Dutch Hypotheekbank. In both cities his investments were props that sustained the communities when they were hit by business depressions. Sweeny's career was rather checkered if measured in terms of today's morality or ethics (bad as they are), but in his own day he was seen as a shrewd fighter—not as a sharper and not as a swindler or robber baron.

Fahey has not made literature or great history of his material, but he has done an excellent job of marshaling his facts to portray a localized aspect of several widespread American phenomena, especially mineral prospecting, economic promoting (ballyhooing), and speculating. His story is not only western history but economic and social history and even business history. He has recorded and dramatized the importance of the risk factor in capitalism on the frontier and the important (if neglected) role of the ruggedly individualistic "boomer" in the settling of the West.

Thus the author has written localized history—a kind of transcendental local history, enlarged in scope and more demanding of synthesis and interpretation. He has studied isolated events in a particular place from a broad perspective, using fieldglasses, as it were, rather than a magnifying glass, to relate them to national events. The local people and places are pieces in the historiographical jigsaw puzzle representing turn-of-the-century America.

Fahey's rescue operation on the gutty entrepreneur of Idaho is most worthwhile for its careful portrayal of Sweeny's promotions and their milieus. But the book lacks polish. The general reader's interest will flag in the welter of detail of loans, mining claims, "deals," and such. Moreover, the key figure of Sweeny is not flashed out as real biography. He remains elusive; we really do not know what makes him tick.

Richard Dillon, *head of the Sutro Library, San Francisco's branch of the California State Library, has written numerous books on western history. He has just finished a history of the Modoc War and is beginning a study of the Hudson's Bay Company in California.*

My Eighty Years in Texas by William Physick Zuber, edited with foreword by Janis Boyle Mayfield, introduction by Llerena Friend *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1971; 285 pp., biblio., appen., notes, index, $7.50).*

REVIEWED BY EDWARD HAKE PHILLIPS

THANKS ARE DUE to the University of Texas Press, Janis Boyle Mayfield, and Llerena Friend for rescuing from obscurity the very interesting and informative memoir of William Physick Zuber, whose recollections spanned the period from 1820 to 1913, focusing on frontier life and military activities in the deep South and Southwest, particularly in Texas. The greatest value of the memoir is Zuber's narration of events relating to the Texas Revolution, especially his experiences in Sam Houston's army. Although his own activities were neither dramatic nor decisive, Zuber had a sharp eye and a vivid pen, and he provides an intimate view of the life and feelings of a common soldier in the army of the revolution.

The major part of the memoir is concerned with Zuber's participation in the "Confederate War," as he chose to call it. He served from 1862 to 1865 with the Twenty-first Texas Cavalry regiment commanded by George W. Carter, which served in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Louisiana. Again Zuber's role was modest and undramatic, but he endured much privation and illness, and contributed many months of loyal service in an area that has been less publicized than most theaters of the Civil War.

Although the greatest value of the book lies in the military scenes, Zuber gives a number of vignettes of life on the frontier of Alabama and Texas, including unconventional glimpses of Indians, Negroes, and Mexicans. His brief account of life in Nacogdoches, Washington-on-the-Brazos, and Harrisburg in the 1820s or 1830s is of considerable interest because of the historic roles played by those three small frontier communities. Frontier schools, frontier medicine, and frontier religion all come in for astute examination by this sober, philosophical narrator. Indeed, the chief virtue of Zuber's memoir is its plausibility, for in spite of slips and errors (he credits Banks, of all people, with the Union victory at Vicksburg!), one is persuaded that Zuber is telling the truth as best he knows it. This is all the more important because it is from Zuber's pen that we get the controversial story of Moses Rose's escape from the Alamo and the dramatic speech and saber-drawn line of William B. Travis. Llerena Friend appends a very interesting historiographic essay on the Rose story, though she cagily refuses to commit herself one way or the other. Most readers of Zuber's memoir will be inclined to affirm the historicity of the Rose story.

The editing by Janis Boyle Mayfield is somewhat thin and scattered, but one is glad that she did not try to upstage Zuber. The publisher should have insisted on one or two maps, especially for the Civil War theater, but in other respects the book is an attractive addition to the shelf of the historian and buff of the Civil War, Texana, and western Americana.

Edward Hake Phillips *is the Guy M. Bryan, Jr., professor of history at Austin College, Sherman, Texas.*

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Mission Among the Blackfeet by Howard L. Harrod *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 218 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY EUGENE W. SZALAY

THIS BOOK is an important and valuable edition to the growing library of historical literature on the Indian missions of the United States. The missionary enterprise formed an integral part of the vanguard of the frontier thrust into the Indian lands. It was Herbert E. Bolton, many years ago, who recognized the Spanish missions of the Southwest as worthy of historical research and study and showed them to be a true pioneer institution.

These early missionary enterprises, whether under Spanish, French, or English titles, were all part of the historical milieu. They not only expressed the spirit of evangelization of their times but also were indicative of the political ambitions and the social and economic values of these European powers.

The later American march of manifest destiny brought its own impact upon the Indian lands and scene. This march to the western sea enveloped the whole of the land and all it stood for from the beginnings of time and imposed its own intuitions and institutions upon it, its peoples, and its resources. In its wake the march would disturb and disrupt forever the human values of these peoples; values which, though primitive, were simple and sacred, basic and sensitive.

Even the eloquent terms of evangelization could not halt the resulting confrontation and exploitation. By the American thrust these peoples were absorbed into the universal historical process and program, and as part of that process into the worldwide religious heritage of man. They were being drawn inexorably into the stream of world history and culture.

Harrod treats a particular group, the Blackfeet of Montana—these people so tritely and ambiguously called Indians. His main theme is not a cursive narration of the Christian missions established among them, but a very penetrating interpretation of their sociological shortcomings. The missions were not staffed by trained or subsidized sociologists, but by zealous clergymen fulfilling a vocation, or calling, to proclaim the Good News of Christ, the Gospels, and to save the souls of these "uncivilized" people.

Harrod shows that no matter how commendable was the missionary purpose, zeal, and sacrifice, they were not prepared to cope with the broad areas of human sensitivities rooted deeply in their native culture; and this was equally true of the government policies and practices.

On one hand the missionaries sought to dominate the religious aspects of tribal life; on the other hand the government was exerting its political domination. The serious and vital socio-economic issues were solved mostly with expediency favoring the white demands and resulted in what Harrod calls the "lack of social justice" and what is called popularly "The Indian Problem."

Even within the missionary effort there resulted cultural confrontation. The Christian religion of the whites, no matter how valid, orthodox, and profound, was integrated into its own cultural patterns and values; so, too, was the primitive Indian religion. On the part of both, their human values were organic; one could not touch the part without touching the person. The missionary effort sought to dominate rather than assimilate. They did not truly understand each other's convictions. As in other areas, there was confrontation here: the native patterns of religious beliefs and practices (cf. *The Other Covenant: A Theology of Paganism*, by Henri Maurier, 1968) with Christian structures and convictions rooted deeply in precise theology and liturgy and world history.

The book covers the full range of the missionary effort from its beginnings in the 1880s to our own day. Fathers De-Smet and Point were briefly among the Blackfeet as early as 1846, but between 1847 and 1859 there were no Catholic missionaries among the Blackfeet. The Protestants did not reach them until 1856. In separate chapters Harrod relates the subsequent history of the two types of mission efforts. He includes three maps which help to locate their places of operation in the Blackfoot country. These efforts were mainly the work of the Jesuits and Methodists. It was being done at a time when there was a great deal of dogmatism and very little ecumenism. The "long coats and short coats" were long on disputes and short on harmony.

The mission among the Blackfeet has many parallels in the vast area of Indian-white relations. It is well that Harrod covers this area of the Montana country with fine professional skill and style. Only last year there appeared the *Mission of Sorrows, Jesuit Guevavi and the Pimas, 1691–1767* by John L. Kessel (University of Arizona, Tucson, 1970). Both of these help to fulfill what Ewers considers a need for the Indian today. He states, "They are asking the historians and the anthropologists who they are in terms of their historical and cultural heritage."

May the major merit of Harrod's book be one of greater understanding and future empathies of Indian to white. May there be the blending of the two cultures into one noble American civilization in which all men will find their peace in salvation, social justice, security, and serenity.

Eugene W. Szalay, *pastor of Saint Joseph's church in Spearfish, South Dakota, is a member of the South Dakota Historical Society. His major interest is American church history.*

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THE FIRST 100 YEARS

(Continued from page 56)

in support of the federal government's crusade to crush Mormon economic and political power, and abolish the practice of plural marriage. Because the moral issue had stronger public appeal than economics or politics, polygamy became the major point of attack on the Mormon church, which defended polygamy as a part of its religion.

Governor Stephen Harding, in a speech to the territorial legislature in 1870, made reference to the "irrepressible conflict" between the Mormons and the federal government—a phrase echoed later by Senator Edmunds. Malmquist has made good use of it throughout his book to characterize the clash between church and state that demanded reconciliation before Utah could be admitted to statehood.

The Woodruff Manifesto of 1890, abolishing further polygamous marriages, and the dissolution of the local political parties soon thereafter to make way for the national organizations, opened the door to statehood in 1896. *Tribune* support followed the Liberals into the Republican party, where it continued except for temporary support of the American party from 1905 to 1911. The paper had conducted a vigorous campaign that contributed substantially toward solution of the "irrepressible conflict." But it should be pointed out that other influences were also at work to achieve the same ends, for example, national objectives as related to the Utah situation and pressures brought to bear on church leaders by high officials of the national party organizations.

With the reform objectives accomplished upon Utah's entrance to the Union, the *Tribune*, pursuant of earlier gestures, swung toward accommodation of Mormon-Gentile differences, and with old conflicts relegated to the past, the paper entered upon a course of community service through initiation of some, and joint participation in other, progressive projects. However, cessation of the long-standing feud between the *Tribune* and the Mormon *Deseret News* did not ease the financial burden of competitive publication. Both papers were losing heavily when strong, unfettered personalities on both sides pointed the way to relief. To the amazement of those who were familiar with their differences, the rivals were brought together at mid-century in the Newspaper Agency Corporation. This present arrangement provides for joint business production and distribution operations while insuring separate ownership and editorial policies.

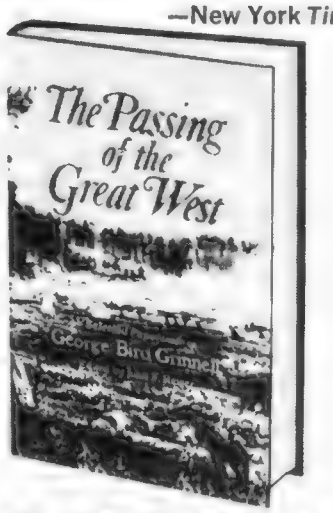
Malmquist has rendered a valuable service in the compilation of this interesting, informative book through which many facets of Utah history are exposed. The author admits that he is "pro-*Tribune* but not uncritically," a posture that I am sure will be generally accepted by unbiased readers. He delineates convincingly the key personalities who he feels had most to do with shaping the course of the *Tribune*, including Senator Thomas Kearns, C. C. Goodwin, Ambrose N. McKay, John F. Fitzpatrick (whom he appropriately names "Mr. Tribune"), and finally John W. Gallivan, who continues at the helm as the *Tribune* enters its second century. Others, both Mormon and non-Mormon, are introduced objectively as they relate to the *Tribune* story.

Other minor criticisms might be offered. It is apparent that the author assumes that his readers are informed in Utah history; references are made to a number of important items without introduction or explanation; for example, the Morrill Act, or Antibigamy Law of 1862, the Utah Commission, and the Reynolds case with subsequent Supreme Court rulings. As passing reference is made to these, the full significance is lost on many readers. On the other hand some pages of extended comment appear to be irrelevant, such as those devoted to the "Silver Queen," whose relation to the *Tribune* story is negligible. Some difficulties appear in use of the index, but more consequential is the absence of a bibliography. If the preface is intended as a substitute for a bibliography, one is left with the impression that research, aside from *Tribune* files, was limited, with considerable reliance placed on a few well selected secondary sources. The book itself gives evidence of wider research than that.

Gustive O. Larson, *of the department of history at Brigham Young University, Utah, has recently completed* The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood *(1971).*

The story behind the man who became "the father of American conservation."

—New York *Times*



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jane M. Offers

Indian Leaders Who Helped Shape America: 1600–1900 by Ralph W. Andrews *(Superior Publishing, 1971; 184 pp., illus, biblio., index, $12.95).*

A featuring of certain tribesmen of the Indian nation who were noteworthy as stalwart statesmen, warriors, and leaders during the Indians' struggles. Included are profiles of King Philip, Pocahontas, Joseph Brant, Sealth, Pontiac, Keokuk, Crazy Horse, and others.

Tenting on the Plains: General Custer in Kansas and Texas, vols. 1–3, by Elizabeth Bacon Custer, introduction by Jane R. Stewart *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 706 pp., illus., notes, $8.85).*

Originally published in 1887 by C. L. Webster and Company, and reprinted numerous times since then, this set of three volumes covers Mrs. George Armstrong Custer's life from the time of her marriage, through the years of activity with the Indians, and concludes with word of the tragedy at the Little Big Horn.

War for the West, 1790–1813 by Harrison Bird *(Oxford University Press, New York, 1971; 278 pp., illus., maps, chronology, notes, index, $7.50).*

A reconstruction of the Indian campaigns in the Old Northwest Territory during the War of 1812, including the fight for military supremacy in the Territory between the American and British forces, in the generation following the American Revolution.

On the Mother Lode by Philip Ross May *(University of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand; available from International Scholarly Book Service, Inc., P.O. Box 4347, Portland, Oregon 97208; 63 pp., biblio., $5.55).*

An essay on the etymology of the expression "Mother Lode," the older connotations compared with the more recent, and added observations on the story of the quartz or hardrock sector of California's gold mining industry.

Western Apache Raiding and Warfare from the notes of Grenville Goodwin, edited by Keith H. Basso *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1971; 330 pp., intro., illus., maps, notes, index, $10.00 cloth, $5.95 paper).*

The Western Apaches told the story of their raiding and warfare to ethnologist Goodwin, and from his writings Keith Basso has annotated and presented the information unavailable from any other source. Through these two men, the Western Apache finally becomes his own historian and biographer.

The Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost by Pearl Baker *(Abelard-Schuman, New York, 1971; 224 pp., illus., chronology, index, $6.95).*

The outlaws notorious throughout the West, and many of lesser fame, are included in this book by Baker, whose family's ranch encompassed Robbers Roost. The author writes of the stories and legends of the outlaws' actions, and presents new evidence in the case of Butch Cassidy's death.

American Indian II edited by John R. Milton *(Dakota Press, Vermillion, S. D., 1971; 199 pp., intro., illus., biblio., $3.50).*

A compilation of contemporary Indian writing, including poems and fiction, one purpose of which is to provide a means of understanding the cultures from which these works spring, through the thinking and creating and responding of the members of the group.

Indian Peace Medals in American History by Francis Paul Prucha *(State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1971; 186 pp., intro., plates, notes, biblio., index, $15.00).*

The story of the use of the silver medals presented to the American Indians over more than a century and their designing and production. Given as a symbol of an attachment to the new nation, these medals remain important politically as well as artistically.

Earth and the Great Weather: The Brooks Range by Kenneth Brower *(Friends of the Earth, San Francisco, 1971; 188 pp., intro., color plates, illus., $30.00).*

A graphically beautiful book, this latest in the Earth's Wild Places series speaks of the mountains, animals, and people of the tundra world, and what is at stake in the Alaska Native Land Claims Bill; and of the trip the author and two friends took across the Brooks Range.

Sixteenth Century North America: The Land and the People as Seen by the Europeans by Carl Ortwin Sauer *(University of California, Berkeley, 1971; 319 pp., notes, illus., maps, index, $10.00).*

The accounts of what land and life on this continent were like for the arriving Europeans are reinterpreted by Professor Sauer. The explorers and conquerors included in this book came by way of both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Medicine on the Santa Fe Trail by Thomas B. Hall, M.D. *(Morningside Bookshop, Dayton, Ohio, 1971; 160 pp., intro., illus., maps, tables, biblio., index, $12.50).*

A book that seeks to present the historical importance of disease and trauma of those who traversed the Santa Fe Trail, and a discussion of the hundreds of physicians who followed the trail.

Fighting Progressive: A Biography of Edward P. Costigan by Fred Greenbaum *(Public Affairs Press, Washington, D.C., 1971; 192 pp., notes, index, $7.00).*

The life of this leading Colorado progressive of the New Deal period, and his liberal views of federal responsibility for the welfare of its citizens, are told in this book based on private papers, personal interviews, and other research.

The Main Trail by Ralph J. Hall, foreword by J. Earl Jackman *(Naylor Co., San Antonio, 1972; 193 pp., illus, $7.95).*

The author looks back on his sixty years of missionary work in the Southwest, on the trail, roundups, as a circuit rider, and during the annual Ranchman's Camp Meetings, which he organized and which still convene.

THE STATE OF JEFFERSON

(Continued from page 41)

Now the officers of Jefferson mount the platform and the 'territorial' assembly awaits its cue. In a moment, the cameramen shout for action and the assembly is under way. It is a staged production; from the loudspeaker at the rear, the crowd and the officers receive their instructions. First to the crowd: 'Get over there and be looking at the map. Don't look at the camera. . . . We have too many children. Can't we have a few more adults in there? . . . Show a little enthusiasm! Wave your arms!' "

At twilight a torchlight parade moved through the narrow streets, swept by cold wind from the Siskiyous. Some of the marchers carried hand-lettered signs: OUR ROADS ARE NOT PASSABLE, HARDLY JACKASSABLE; IF OUR ROADS YOU WOULD TRAVEL, BRING YOUR OWN GRAVEL; THE PROMISED LAND—OUR ROADS ARE PAVED WITH PROMISES.

On Friday, while Yreka was recuperating from its winter carnival, Port Orford attended a funeral service for Gilbert Gable. Judge Childs announced he would hold a press conference to discuss such matters as roadbuilding and taxation. A few members of the Citizens' Committee sensed that the movement had reached, perhaps had passed, its peak; others hoped for an even more exciting Secession Day next week. The dilemma had not been resolved by Sunday morning, December 7, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The two special envoys hastily left the State Department, and the staff of the Japanese Embassy in Washington began burning papers on the lawn.

Governor Childs's last act as chief executive of the State of Jefferson was to issue a statement declaring that "the acting officers of the provisional territory of Jefferson here and now discontinue any and all activities. The State of Jefferson was originated for the sole purpose of calling the attention of the proper authorities . . . to the fact we have immense deposits of strategic and necessary defense minerals and that we need roads to develop these. We have accomplished that purpose."

The governor's statement did not get much press coverage, not the sort of mileage they used to give Gilbert Gable. Royal Arch Gunnison was broadcasting from Manila that day that Japanese paratroops had landed in the Philippines.

Richard Reinhardt, *a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is author of* Ashes of Smyrna *(1971).*

MESSAGE FROM BLACK KETTLE

(Continued from page 20)

agent, Samuel G. Colley, and penned a letter to his regimental commander, Colonel John Milton Chivington, to advise him of the developing situation. "What course I may adopt in the future I do not know," he wrote to Chivington, "but will be governed by circumstances. I hope Most Sincerely that peace may not be made with these 'Devils' who now . . . cry out for peace." Yet, even as he wrote, Wynkoop probably knew that he would undertake the mission proposed by One Eye. He was not yet convinced of the old man's veracity, but he would gamble on the word of "representatives of a race that I had heretofore looked upon without exception as being cruel, treacherous, and blood-thirsty, without feeling or affection for friend or kindred," simply because he desired to secure the release of the captives held by the Cheyennes.

If the Indians were serious, the prospect of peace was worth the risk. With his garrison recently reinforced by New Mexican troops, Wynkoop believed a small expeditionary force could be spared for a rescue mission. Some of the officers protested that the mission was foolhardy, and most doubted the wisdom of such action. But when he called for volunteers, 127 officers and men stepped forward. With this small force and two snub-nosed, twelve-pound howitzers, Wynkoop moved away toward the Smoky Hill River on September 6, 1864. At the front of the column rode the Indian prisoners.

Near a place called "Bunch of Timbers" on the Smoky Hill, the worst fears of the soldiers materialized as the tiny command suddenly confronted more than six hundred Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors, the largest Indian concentration encountered by Colorado troops in the Indian War of 1864. The soldiers braced themselves while One Eye rode out to talk to the Indian leaders. If the Indians attacked, the small command would be overwhelmed, but the attack did not come. Instead, the chiefs and headmen of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes arrived, and a council began.

Regardless of his attitudes toward the Indians or his motives for going to Smoky Hill, Wynkoop handled the conference with ability and judgment. He listened to the chiefs explain their position. He made no rash promises of peace. He asked the chiefs to give palpable evidence of their peaceful intentions by giving up the white captives. He admitted frankly that he had no power to make peace, but said he would take the chiefs to Denver to see the governor who could make peace with them. The reactions of the chiefs were mixed, and Wynkoop withdrew to await their decision.

TWO DAYS LATER Wynkoop's gamble paid off. Left Hand, the Arapaho head chief, delivered one of the captives, a sixteen-year-old girl named Laura Roper. The next day Black Kettle of the Cheyennes brought three more prisoners to Wynkoop—two small boys, aged seven or eight, and a little girl only four or five years old. For Wynkoop, it was a moment of triumph. On the return to Fort Lyon, Black Kettle, White Antelope, and Bull Bear of the Cheyennes, and Neva, Bosse,

Notanee, and Heaps-of-Buffalo, all relatives of the Arapahoe Left Hand, rode with the command.

Wynkoop, quite unwittingly, became the central figure in Colorado Indian affairs. From Fort Lyon he proceeded to Denver for an inconclusive conference with Governor John Evans, superintendent of Indian affairs, and Colonel Chivington. The Indians could place themselves in Wynkoop's hands, Evans and Chivington assured them, if they were truly desirous of peace—or so Wynkoop and the chiefs interpreted their statements. Thus, an uncertain truce was arranged pending a more lasting settlement. Wynkoop's efforts were never fully understood or approved by General Samuel R. Curtis, the departmental commander, who reprimanded him for leaving his post to visit Denver and removed him from command at Fort Lyon because of rumors that he was issuing rations to hostiles. Wynkoop's successor, uncertain of what to do in the delicate situation, allowed the truce to continue but suggested that the Indians move away from the fort to a camp on Sand Creek, some forty miles away. They would be safe there, he told them, and their young men could hunt for food.

Ponoeohe, as the Cheyennes called Sand Creek, was a favored camping site for the Indians, and they willingly agreed. But one cold November dawn, Colorado troops under the command of Colonel Chivington swept over the sand hills and struck the unsuspecting Cheyennes and Arapahoes, leaving the bodies of men, women, and children strewn along the creek bed. One Eye was among them. Controversy still swirls around that incident, but one thing is clear; the Sand Creek Massacre shattered the one experiment which might have brought peace to the plains.

The tragedy of Sand Creek rendered Ned Wynkoop's personal metamorphosis complete. But for the mercy of a sergeant whose name is now forgotten, Wynkoop might have gone his way with his belief in Indian savagery unshaken. Instead, Sand Creek filled him with bitterness and shame. He was the man who had made the carnage of Sand Creek possible by giving the Indians a false sense of security. Sand Creek haunted him through subsequent years as Indian agent, and his vigorous advocacy of Indian rights and an enlightened Indian policy won for him the reputation of dreamer, thief, and "Indian lover." Yet, the message One Eye bore to Fort Lyon that September morning in 1864 did more than change the life of Ned Wynkoop. Though it did not bring the peace One Eye hoped for, nor save his people, it did alter the course of High Plains history.

Gary L. Roberts, *professor of history at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, Tifton, Georgia, has written numerous articles on the trans-Mississippi West.*

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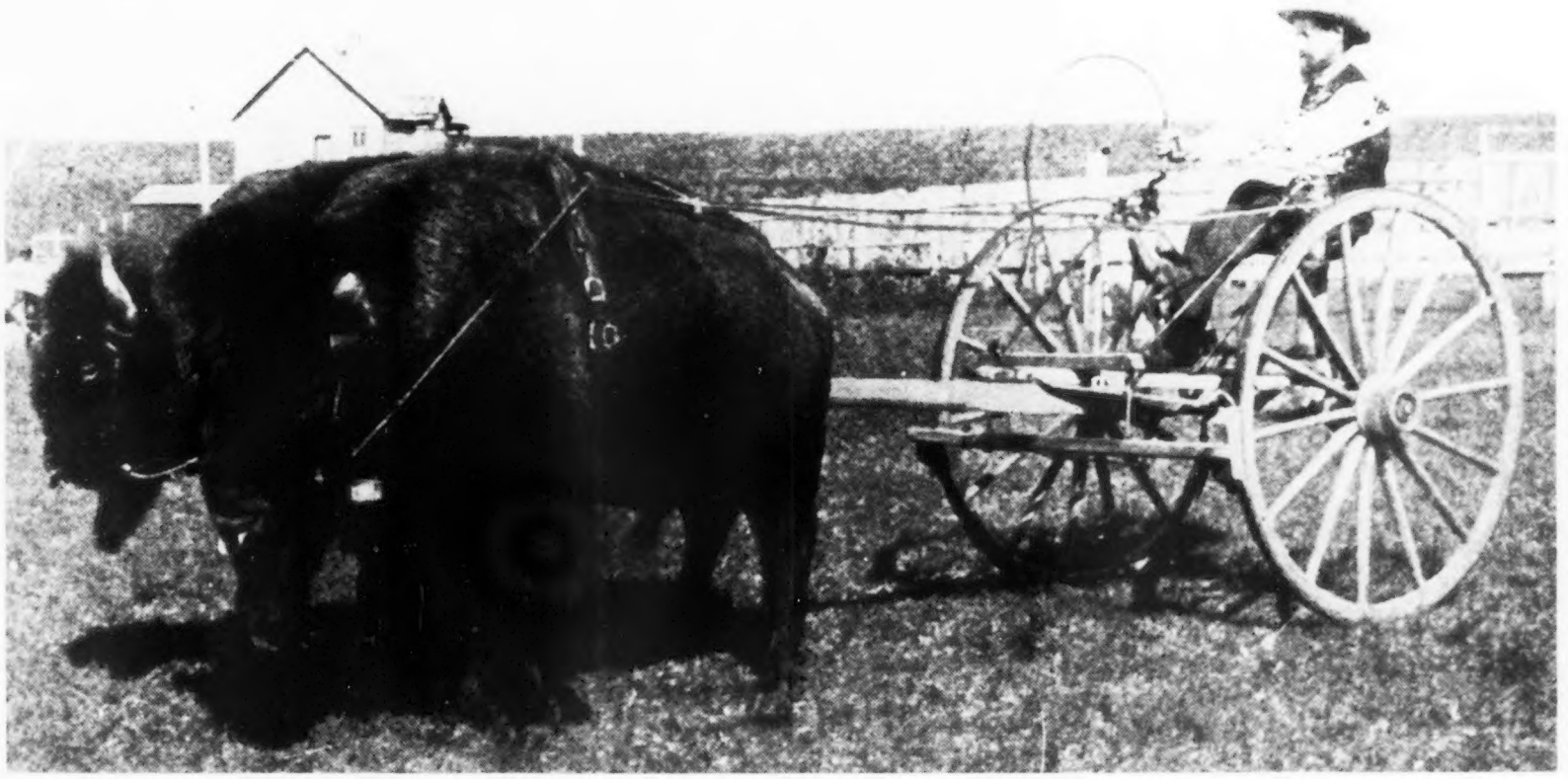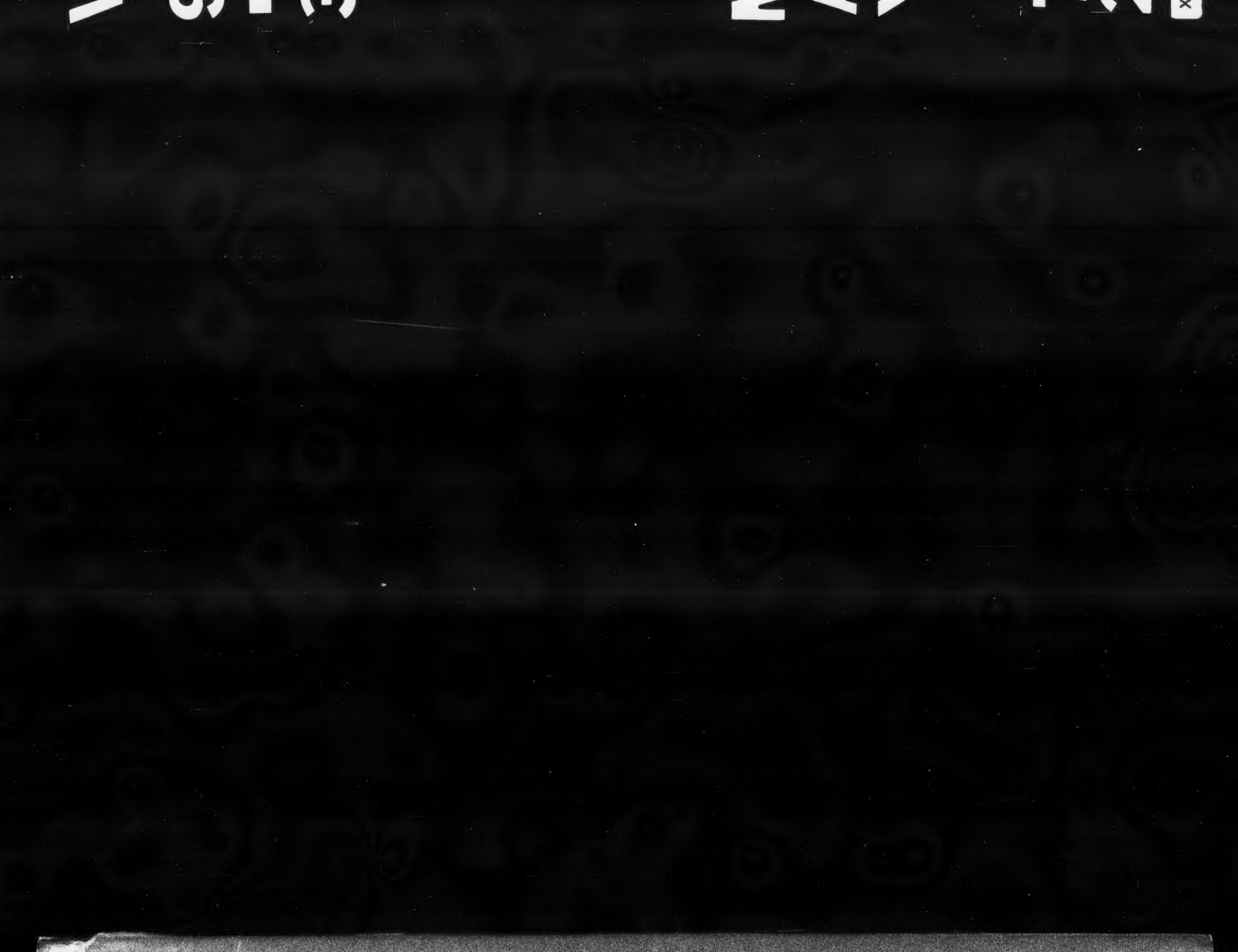
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